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THE FUNNY MAG

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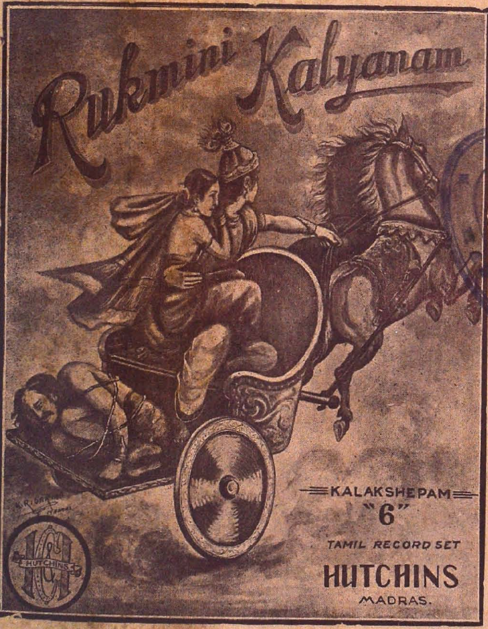

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S. BRAHMA

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THE FUNNY MAG

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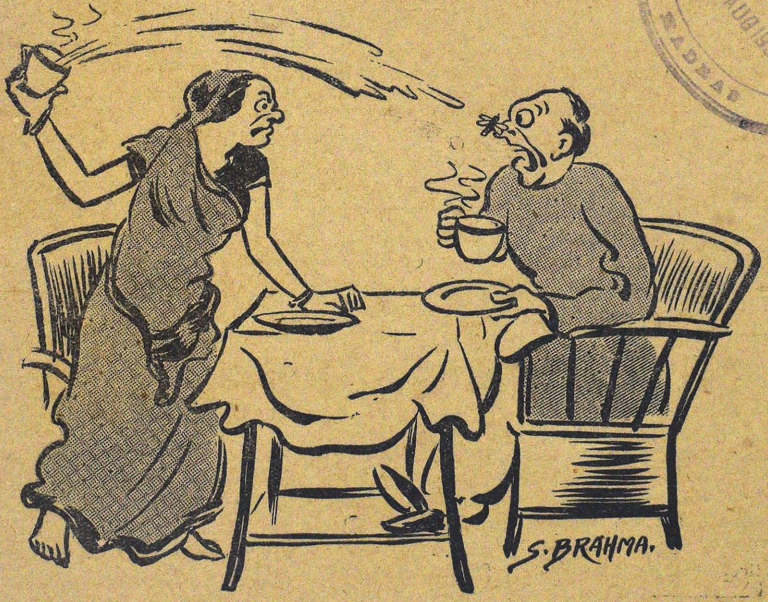
THE ALTERNATIVE !



***(Wife to harassed husband)* " *Don't move dear, I'll pour this boiling coffee on it.*"**

196575

In order to escape from the public, a society girl became a dancing partner She took steps to hide herself.

•*•

When a street tipster saw a policeman coming towards him he swallowed his tips.

He had inside information that day right enough.

•*•

" My electricity bill has gone up by 30 per cent.," complains a correspondent.

The charge of the light brigade!

" Fire in nudist colony, " reads a headline.

It was doubtless caused by a naked flame.

•*•

It is said that marriage is the bread and-butter of life.

Perhaps that's why it's a bit thick sometimes.

•*•

A Scientist says that the human nostril is widening.

That is through paying thrugh the nose.

•*•

" Few men have the courage to leave their wives," says a famous lawyer.

None but the brave deserts the fair.

•*•

Contentment may be better than riches, but just try explaining it to your bank manager.

•*•

" Importance of good boxing referees. "

The men who really count.

•*•

" Archæologists have to answer the call of Egypt," declares a speaker.
Come to " Mummy. "

•*•

Nudists, we are told, haven't any particular political leanings.

They do not care to be called the No Shirts.

•*•

A naturalist is reported to have discovered a new species of mosquito in a south American swamp.

We understand, however, that actually the mosquito discovered him first.

•*•

A gardening expert says slugs will not eat your lettuces if the plants are sprayed with a solution of paraffin and soft-soap.

Neither will you.

•*•

An Irish heavy-weightpugilist is a worshipper of CHARLES DICKENS.

So carping critics of the great novelist had better be careful.

•*•

The well-trained servent girl is full of tact and discretion, we learn.

She always breaks it gently.

•*•

A perfectly circular fish recently found in the pacific is a mystary to zoologists.

Presumably they can't make head nor tail of it.

•*•

According to a medical correspondent, a good way to keep cool is to twist the wrists to and fro.

Another way of course is to bend the elbow.

•*•

We are told of a fifteen-year-old girl who reads a book while practising the piano.

The difficulty of this feat will be appreciated by those who have tried to read while little girls were practising.

•*•

Hundreds of men nowadays get paid good salaries for what is nothing but sheer incompetence," declares a Member of the council.

Well, he should know.

•*•

JL
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The Philosophy of Clothes

By MEA.

EVERY year the question arises, what should be the length of ladies' skirts? From time to time the clergy of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, and especially the American clergy, make their protest against the scantiness of women's clothing or the shortness of their skirts. At one time they are accused of showing too much of their legs, at another we are told that dresses are cut too low in front, and at other periods comes an outcry about the amount of bare back that is exposed. There have even been objections to bare necks, arms and shoulders. Sometimes bathing dresses and beach costumes come in for a share of abuse by the self-elected custodians of our morals. In fact it has been suggested that a modern woman does not dress to cover her nakedness, but to uncover it. It would seem that the basic idea is to cover up just as much as will suggest that there are other portions still covered. Woman may deny that they dress for men, but it is obvious that they undress for men.

It cannot be said that a woman wear's sheer silk stockings either for warmth or as a protection to her legs, and least of all with the object of hiding them, rather are they worn to attract attention to her legs and to make them more alluring.

Bauer (*Woman and Love*) says that "a low-necked dress in women, the partial exposure of the breasts, and bare arms and shoulders,

Adam sat up and took notice.

have a purely erotic influence on men, that is to say serve to awaken and increase sensual desire." And there must be few women who are not well aware of this fact.

It is the object of this chapter to show that one may be equally indecent whether fully clothed or entirely devoid of clothing; and *vice versa*, one may be perfectly decent in either condition. That all is a matter of custom, the period and place in which a person happens to live, and the standard of morals pertaining at the time.

WE do not know definitely when and why clothes were first worn, though there are several theories on the

subject; but we do know that even at the present day there are countries where the people are called uncivilised, but where they go naked and unashamed.

It is often suggested that we must wear clothes to protect us against the cold, but our women show us that this is not necessary. They will wear fur coats during the day as articles of adornment and not for the purpose of keeping their bodies warm, for they will not hesitate to uncover the greater portion of their bodies when they don their evening frocks, and the little they do wear is not sufficient to afford the slightest warmth.

Many of the lower races, such as the Fuegians, have remained without clothes in spite of the severity of the climate. The first Europeans to come into touch with the Tasmanian aboriginals, at the close of the eighteenth century, expressly tell us that they did not wear clothing. The women, it is true, wore Kangaroo skins but these were not so much clothing as a means of carrying the children about is in a sack.

On one occasion, an American-Indian was walking beside a soldier who was wearing a great coat The Indian wore only a breech-clout. The soldier asked the Indian how he could keep warm. The Indian's reply was the query:

"Your face keep warm?"

The soldier nodded.

"Well, me all face!" said the Indian.

So far as the elements are concerned it is merely a matter of what you are accustomed to, and, for that matter, there is no reason why all of us should not be "all face."

Buddha considered nakedness indecent and clad himself in cast off rags. Like some of our modern theologians, he regarded women and their clothing as a snare In the Gospel of Buddha we find the following: "A woman of the world is anxious to exhibit her form and shape, whether walking, standing, sitting, or sleeping. Even when represented in a picture, she desires to captivate with the charms of her beauty, and then to rob men of their steadfast heart!" Again he says: "Guard yourselves against woman by regarding her tears and her smiles as enemies, her stooping form, her hanging arms, and all her disentangled hair as toils designed to entrap man's heart.

The nude is not always or necessarily chaste; it may be suggestive of evil, of course. Nor is it necessary that the figure should be naked ,to express an evil tendency i viciousness may be shown in entirely covered figures. The propriety or impropriety of the nude is therefore not conditional upon the mere presence or absence of clothing.

Edward Reeves writing of the Tongans says:—Before the advent of missionaries, and especially of missionaries' wives, to teach them a new sin, they knew neither the shame of nakedness nor the increased sexual attractions of the human form artfully draped."

It was only when Eve put on her fig-leaf for the first time that Adam sat up and took notice. Up to then she was just another human being, now she became a woman, and like any modern woman she advertised her sex by concealing a portion of her body. It would appear that Eve put on her fig-leaf deliberately, just to impress on Adam that she was different.

In the North West of Australia there are still some thousands of natives living in a state of nature away from the far reaching effects of civilisation. With the coming of the Whites their worry of clothing began, and it was made a law that no aboriginals must appear near a town minus clothing, with the result that they would put on a single garment or blanket to go to the town, but as soon as they departed they would discard the clothing and go back to their natural state. A similar state of affairs existed, not many years ago, in parts of Africa.

Swedenborg held the idea that in heaven all will be naked, because clothing is the livery of sin, introduced in consequence of the fall of Adam and Eve, and therefore clothing would be out of place in heaven where there is no sin.

The Arab women, without embarrassment, allow foot, leg, and bosom to be seen; but, on the other hand, it is reckoned even more indecorous to uncover the back of the head than the face, though even that is carefully concealed by every respectable woman.

Not long ago a Turkish woman, surprised by a man with her face uncovered, would, if no other covering were at hand, raise her garments and throw them over her head, even if by so doing she exposed her naked body from the bosom down, rather than that her naked face should be seen. This has all been changed now and Turkey is a striking example of the way in which decency depends on the customs pertaining at any particular time.

A traveller was drawing a little naked girl at Somar, one of the Phillippine Islands. The mother angrily interrupted them, and obliged the child to put on a shirt of a length which, according to our notions of propriety, might as well have been dispensed with; still it covered the most essential part, according to the manners of the country.

Education, and not instinct, makes us ashamed of nakedness. Children, until they have been taught to be ashamed of their bodies, do not shrink from being seen naked.

The story is told of a little girl who came running out of her room dressed only in her nightdress, to greet a little boy visitor. Her nurse was shocked and sent her back to her room saying, "little girls must now allow themselves to be seen in their nighties." In a few moments the little girl came out again, saying, "I'm all right now; I took off my nightie!"

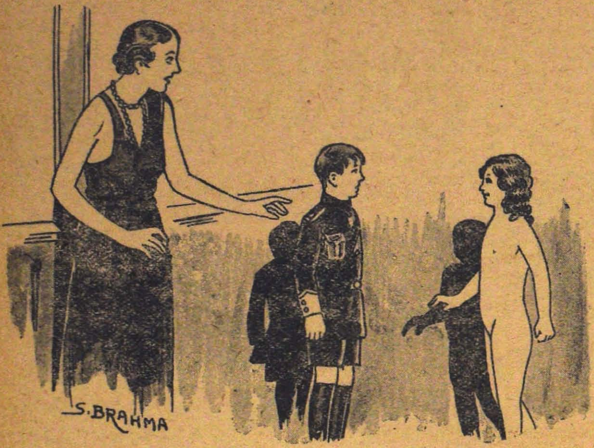
In China, only a few years ago, it was considered an unpardonable sin for a woman to expose her foot and leg to view, and they ware not even mentioned in polite society, while pictures of male and female saints attired in classical drapery when displayed by the Jesuit Fathers were regarded in the light of pornographic exhibitions. Even in England it was considered most improper to mention a woman's legs in the Victorian era.

We, who are horrified of nakedness, dress to enhance the form, especially to emphasise the difference between the sexes. Our women's accentuated hips and waistlines used to shock the Japanese, whose loose clothing is the same for men and women—the broader belt and double fold upon the small of the back, the obi, being the only differentiation.

Our clothing is, to a great extent, the cause of our immoralities, and it is the testimony of disinterested observers that, when civilised clothing is introduced into previously innocent heathen communities, our vices and licentiousness go with it.

Because we see the nude so seldom, an unexpected sight or suggestion of it excited us erotically.

Generally speaking the form of clothing is an indication of the sex of the wearer, but sometimes it is merely symbolical, as when a young priest takes the vows of celibacy he is given



I took off my nightie

a woman's frock to wear, he is thus represented as double-sexed, like the god he serves. "In his own image male and female created he so the god was double-sexed and we symbolise this by putting women's gowns on all church servants even down to the choir boy's surplices.

Perhaps one of the most striking examples of our inconsistency with regard to our opinion of decency and indecency in the matter of clothes is to be seen in the way in which European women clothe themselves for certain occasions and at certain hours of the day. A lady may be seen at dinner or at any time after dinner, with her back naked to the waist, her arms and shoulders completely bare and the greater portion of her bosom uncovered, and she will be considered perfectly decent and proper. But let her appear in the same attire in the streets in the morning, or let her go to church in the same state of semi-nudity, and she would probably be run in for indecency.

It is clear, then, that what is decent at one time and place is indecent at another time and place.

Our inconsistency in these matters is particularly noticeable when it comes to art. It is permissable to admire the human form completely unadorned so long as it is in the sacred name of art. Virtuous matrons accompanied by their innocent daughters will unblushingly stand in the presence of strangers of either sex and gaze without a vestige of shame on the most realistic [representations of the human body, but if the model, who sat for the picture or posed for the particular statue they are able to regard to indifferently, were to appear before them in exactly the same state, she would be classed as a brazen, immoral, hussy, of a woman, and an obscene beast, if a man.

It is remarkable that in Japan, where until recently nudity in everyday life called for no remark, nude statuary in the art galleries was usually accommodated with aprons. The Japanese have a saying that nudity is not indecent except when offered for admiration or observation: you may see it, but you must not observe it. Consequently the living nude is never exhibited for the purpose of observation, but for convenience only; and even sculpture in the nude must not be shown save to those fit to examine it.

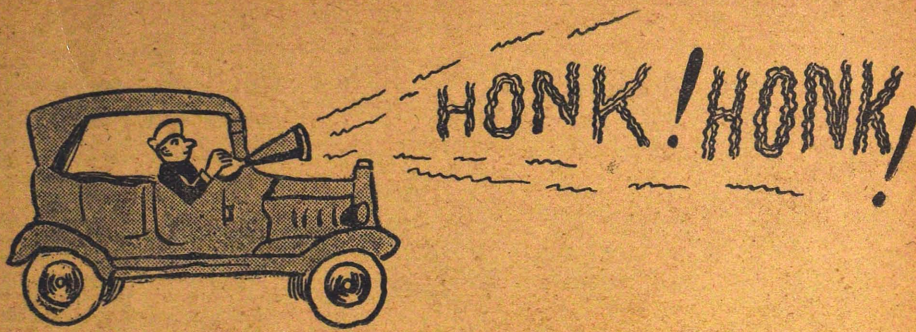
In the name of religion one may also be fearlessly immodest. It is considered quite correct for a clergyman to read out to a mixed congregation of married and unmarried people of all ages, passages in the scriptures that frankly mention portions of the body which are usually considered to be unmentionable. Any other man using exactly the same words in public would be convicted of obscenity. Yet the same clergyman, who will calmly read these passages aloud in the presence of innocent maidens, will protest when the said maidens come to church with their elbows uncovered or the upper portion of their chests bare.

We are also inconsistent in the licence we grant to poets. A poet may go into ecstacy about the bosom and breasts of his mistress while the writer in prose is considered to be lacking in refinement should he refer to this portion of the female anatomy unless he refers to it vaguely as her "figure".

For all general purpose our inconsistent rules appear to be: that any portion of the body which is customarily clothed is unmentionable except by clergymen in the performance of their duties, and by poets. And the same portions are not to be shown except in the name of art.

Since the days when Adam and Eve sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons, the question of clothes has been a vexed one amongst most nations, and it is likely to remain one for many years yet; but we may at least hope that, with the further advance of civilisation, the emancipation of women, a more general knowledge of the value of hygiene, and with the arrival of a more practical age dress (both masculine and feminine) will at any rate combine comfort and utility and comply with the laws of hygiene and cease to be controlled by false standards of modesty or ridiculous customs.

Animals for the most part keep themselves beautifully clean. But this is not the case with man. Clothes introduce an element of dirt. Our clothing is, certainly more rational to-day than it was twenty years ago, and, although the general adoption of complete nudity may be far distant, it is pretty safe to assume that we shall never return to the red flannel period of Queen Victoria.



By John. R. Chapman

BATTERY Sergeant-major Snooks tried hard to forget that he had ever had horses under his command. Mechanisation, with petrol stinks and leaky carburettors, sparking plugs and flattened inner-tubes, reigned where once prancing horses with nodding heads and whisking tails had neighed supreme.

S. M. Snooks had been extremely lucky when the 'powers that be' decided to mechanise his battery. His knowledge of engines was confined to an obsolete, superannuated, chain-cum-belt-driven relic of 1892. However, the fact remained that he knew more about petrol and water than anyone else in the Battery, and he was accordingly promoted battery sergeant-major.

The sight of a horse gave him a pain in the neck and back. He had once been kicked on the ear by a low-spirited mule. It was supposed at the time that he had been run over by a steam-roller. Since his elevation to sergeant-major, he had swallowed and studied everything connected with motors and engines, and the only reason that he did not have the magical letters A. M. I. M. E. after his name was because he failed to pass the entrance examination.

S. M. Snooks was standing on the verandah of the Battery Office, when suddenly he heard a bang! whizz! crash! honk-honk!! HONK!! It sounded like a mammoth firework display on the Fifth of November, or at Divali. From somewhere unseen came more deafening crashes, then another series of bangs resembling the crashing of 18 pdr blank cartridges being fired on Proclamation Day. The windows of the battery office shook, and so did Snooks with anger. He could sniff a faulty piston ring two miles away, and decarbonisation was anathema to Snooks.

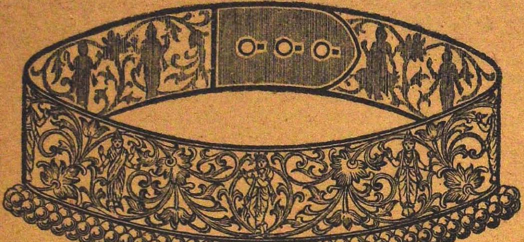
The Colonel raced out of the office to see what all the noise was about, and the Orderly Sergeant hastily folded the current copy of The La Vie Parisienne that he had been avidly perusing—the pictures only.

At that moment the cause of the disturbance loomed up at the end of the barrack square. All the troops were out to see the awful spectacle of an apparently inefficient driver with his machine out of control. 'It's a riot—where is the Riot Act?' gasped the Sergeant-major. It wasn't a riot-it was a gun tractor driven by a red-faced gunner-driver in khaki shorts and solo-topee. The sergeant-major called it a caterpillar. As caterpillars live on cabbages and tractors feed on oil and petrol, the reference is rather vague. The driver was grinning fiendishly as he drove his cater—I mean, tractor, through a group of chickens and pigs romping outside the cookhouse.

THE sergeant-major paled and darted from off of the verandah. They were his chickens! The tractor narrowly missed his toes. He shook his fist at the driver. "Mind the verandah," he screamed. But it was too late. A large portion of the verandah was dangling gracefully on the bonnet of the tractor

The Colonel would naturally have said something forceful yet piquant, for to say the least, it was *rather* pre-

(Continued on page 8)



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(Continued from page 6)

judicial to good order and military discipline to have a tractor running amok, and to have his verandah jerked from it's foundations. The Colonel never uttered the hurtful sarcasm and biting words which were making ready for exit.

Biff ! Bang ! Smash ! Crash ! Honk HONK ! !, the tractor was lumbering on, grim, majestic, irresistible, like fate, or an out-of-hand Rolls Royce. It bumped across the parade ground through an open garage-door, knocked down the automatic petrol-pump, and charged in the direction of the officers' mess. The Colonel roared at the Sergeant-major; the Sergeant-major roared at the Orderly-sergeant; the orderly-sergeant roared to a crowd of gunners to run to the scene and assist: the gunners ran off in the opposite direction.

The officers' mess was drawing nearer and nearer, Lieut. Bragg and Capt. Armache were the only members present in the Mess. Bragg was dozing in a chair, dreaming of his promotion, and Armache was just raising a glass-full of whisky to his lips. Bragg awoke from his reverie just in time. It was a close shave for Capt. Armache As it was, he nearly swallowed his whisky—which was what he bought it for. They abandoned their chairs and sprinted across the room and out of the only door. Biff ! Bang ! Smash!!

It was all over in another minute One moment the stately Mess was stately—all messes are the same—the next moment it wasn't there. The mess had always been something of an eyesore—it was a little wooden hut, temporarily erected for the young bloods on leave from Razmak. To be a mess or not to be—that was the question. It had been left to an inefficient driver or an over-efficient motor-tractor to solve the question.

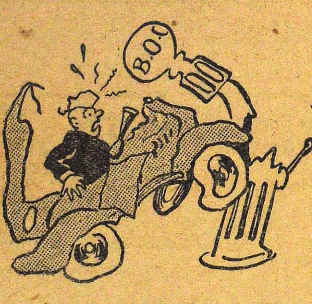
The tractor took the whole hut from a flank. The kitchen, dining-room and the oil-store, I mean, stove, everything became as flat as the proverbial pancake. The tractor came to a halt with a moan and a series of misfires

Gunner Beeshot, the driver, stood surveying the ruins of the Officers' Mess. He also kept a wary eye on the Colonel and the Surgeant-Major who were both rushing to the scene. The sergeant-major had a copy of the Army Act and Kings' Regulations tucked under his arm. His helmet was half on and half off and resembled the famous hat of Napoleon—or was it Nelson?

The Colonel swore, the sergeant-major fumed—the orderly sergeant grinned, and the troops roared with ill-concealed delight—from around the corner of the garage.

Beeshot expected to be shot. He remembered the Officers' Mess in all its splintered chaos, He was fascinated by a tin of bully-beef crushed as thin as a biscuit. "What do you mean by this?' thundered the Colonel. "Consider yourself under arrest." snapped the S.M. "Have you turned the petrol off ?" enquired the O. Sgt. "You're for it !" sang out the troops.

The driver realised that he had made a mistake when he had stated that he could drive anything on wheels He meant the baby's perambulator or scooter. He certainly could not manage a tractor. He had always had a fondness for engines, and even now, he had an old Meccano set in his



barrack-room box. "Drive the machine back to the garage, boomed the S. M. "And then report to the orderly room'.'

Gunner Beeshot groaned painfully and climbed back into the seat. "The old 'bus is a goer." he muttered, as he toyed with the gears and levers. The tractor gave a sudden, powerful heave, and rolled out of the once inspiring officers' mess. With its bonnet turned towards the garage and a tin of petrol for supper, it gave no further trouble and was soon housed safely away from danger.

When the battery sergeant-major saw the old tractor's head pointed straight for its oily abode, he was forcibly reminded of the old horse's nose bag, and the trumpeter sounding, 'water and feed.' He gave a deep sigh and turned his attention to section 19 of the Army Act.

Beeshot remained with his charge only long enough to pat it on the radiator.

Then he too ambled along to face a charge of carelessess and driving to the common danger, etc.

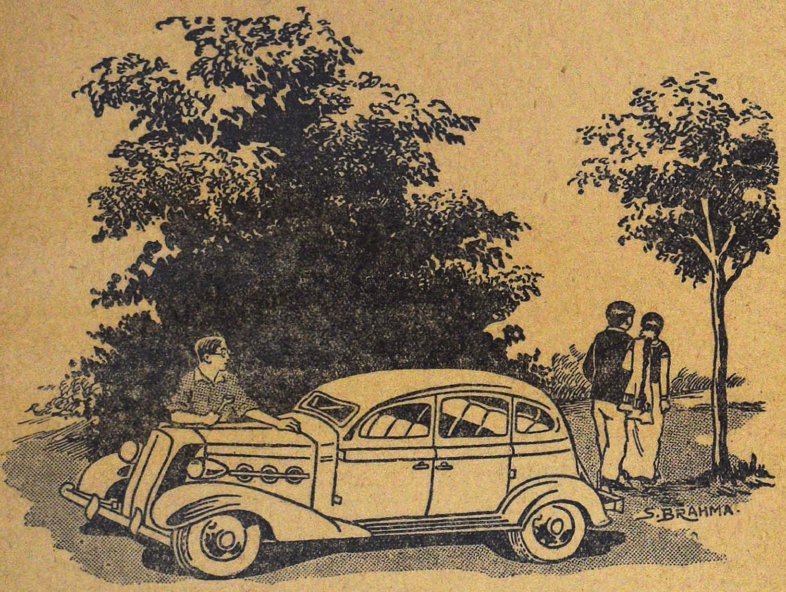
A few minutes later he was the on mat in front of the Colonel. The old man's eyes wereglistening with amusement. The Sergeant-major bridled, " the prisoner, sir.' Then the battery' commander commenced the strangest punishment ever heard in the office. The S. M. nearly died'

"Gunner Beeshot, I really should punish you severely for gross carelessness and damage to government property. But I want to congratulate you on the initiativedisplayed in makingthe officers' mess your objective. You see, the mess you obl-erated was only temporary mess — now it's a hell of a mess. The government promised to build us a 'pukha' mess when the wooden one was no longer fit for habitation. For months I have racked my brains for a suitable method of razing it to the ground, I thought of burning it down—that was far too risky. A convenient earthquake was not available. But you have solved the problem. Your name will go down to posterity as the man who provided the officers with a new mess, Gunner Beeshot; I appoint you acting, unpaid lance-bombardier. March him out sergeant-major."

Sergeant-major Snooks is doubly convinced that horses have brains.

THE LUNATIC

By C. V. Venkatraman.



I was seated in my room writing a 'yarn' when Rangan my chum burst upon me. When he percieved what I was doing he seized me by the shoulder, lifted me out of my chair, and flung me on the table.

It was a large, shiny table and I slid from one end to the other of it and landed myself on the floor.

"Venkat," he said brightly, "I feel vimmy. I am bursting with energy. I want to smash something. What shall it be? Give me the idea!" And then he proceeded to go through all those exercises which are usually performed in one's bedroom before an open window with a mirror in the early morning. I saw at once the case was serious.

When my friend demands as idea it has to be forthcoming. Fortunately he knows I am a man on whom he can rely. With his money and my brains nothing is impossible. I had long since prepared for this emergency and made plans.

Therefore I replied that quiet confidence which--so I am told—is one of my chief assets. "Place yourself in my hands Rangan. I will give you something to smash that you never smashed before. I will give you something to that you have never done before. I will give you an experience that is new, original, and exhilarating. All is ready! Be prepared!"

Rangan who at that moment was trying to touch his toes acrobatically without bending his knees, straightened himself and gave me a swift eager look.

"Fie, you old fraud," he said affectionately, "you have got an idea!"

"I have," I replied with modest pride.

"Nothing silly this time, I hope," he said with that crude vulgarity which is the one serious defect with my friend otherwise estimable character.

"Sir!" I said coldly.

"No offence, old sport, but you must admit your notions sometimes run to the idiotic," he said in a jocular way.

I was a little hurt, but with self-control

that has made me what I am, I concealed my feelings and replied with dignity and said, " I guarantee, Sir, to provide you with a 100 per cent entertainment both rich and fare

"Good!" he cried. "I don't want any silly rag, you understand ? I want to do something strong, something in the he-man business. You follow me? and seizing the new "Spencer's" teakwood chair he whirled it round his head and pitched it through the window.

"I get your meaning, Mr. Rangan," I said. "You are anxious to find an outlet for your surplus energy got through the wh—ky. I have anticipated your desires. Everything is arranged."

"When does the fun begin?" cried Rangan reaching out for another chair.

"In half an hour we leave Madras by a taxi," I answered promptly. "Leave me, Sir, and get ready. I have much to do."

As soon as I got rid of him I went to the telephone, and called the "Sky-View."

'Sky-View' is my bunglow situated near the Race-course at Guindy which I had recently purchased. This was the place I had chosen for the scene of our next adventure.

LIKE a great general I had made my plans long before. I only had to keep the receiver in my ear. The moment had arrived and the following brief conversation took place across the wires.

"Hullo!"

"Who's speaking."

"This is Venkat. We are coming."

"Glad to hear it, sir," replied my servant. "It is a bit lonesome down here, and I shall be glad to get on—

"Is all ready?"

"To the last detail, sir."

"Good! We leave Madras in fifteen minutes. If all goes well, we should be at the cross-roads in an hour's time."

"Very good, Sir; we'll be there."

"Good-bye." I said, and hung up the receiver.

Half an hour later Rangan and I were 10 miles out of Madras. I was at the wheel and my friend was at my side.

The back of the car was piled up with cases and other things concealed under a blanket.

"What is the cargo Venkat," said Rangan with a yawn. "Dinner or supper?"

Then I thought it time to rouse him from this indifference.

"Contraband," I said curtly.

"What?" If we were caught, it means—

"But keep calm and take this." I pressed an unloaded revolver into his hands.

"What the re—!"

"Hush!" I commanded sternly. "Put it in your pocket but have it ready. Don't use it unless compelled."

Egmore, Chetput, Kodambakkam and Mambalam were left behind, and we turned off the main road into a net-work of bye-roads near Saidapet.

Owing to the small roads, and the many turns I was compelled to slacken the speed; and this was unfortunate, for as we swung round a bend we nearly ran into a stationary car which was standing in the middle of the road.

In the car was a girl. I must admit she was a very pretty girl. I was annoyed.

Please don't misunderstand me. I have no objection to pretty girls. In their place I approve of them. But they won't keep their place; they are always butting in when they are not wanted. Then they are a nuisance. This one I saw at once was going to be a nuisance.

She glanced at me and then she looked at Rangan. A long hungering, pathetic look—you know it of course, Editor—which says plainly as words: "Oh, you big, strong man I am in such a trouble. Please help me."

I have been at great pains to keep my friend away from such temptations of this sort and it was most provoking to come across one of the most dangerous specimens in lonely suburbs.

Have you seen, Editor, a parrot hop off a branch and sweep down on a ripe mango?

Thus did my friend hop and sweep. In a flash he was out of the car and on the road and stood near the invalid car and said,

"Can I be of any assistance?"

Of course he couldn't. Rangan is not wha you would call a handy man The only useful thing he is capable of doing is that he will pour the grey coloured liquid—I mean whiskey—slowly and steadily into the glass.

But the girl, not knowing him beamed on him and then gazed mournfully at the radiator of her car.

"It won't go," she said.

"Won't it go, the naughty thing," replied Rengan. "I will put that right. Venkat, come down and have a look at it please."

II

Now, believe me or believe me not, Editor, for one hour and twenty minutes I was tinkering with the machinery of that wretched car before I could put any life into it and during the whole of that time I had to listen to the silliest conversation I ever heard in my life, between my friend and that girl.

Just before I got the engine to go, Rangan turned to me and said.

"I am afraid we are bothering you, Venkat. We will go for a stroll. Stick to it old boy. You are a good mechanic." So saying, off they went.

A minute or so later I finished my job and glancing down the road, was just in time to see the pair disappearing in a bend.

Imagine my feelings! I jumped into the enemy's car and went in pursuit, but they had taken to a foot-path and I missed them.

It was nearly an hour later when they turned up.

"Your car is quite all right now," I said to the young lady in the politest manner smilingly.

"How sweet of you and how clever!" she burbled.

"Now you must come home with me. My uncle will be so pleased to see you and Mr. Rangan."

"Topping idea!" said Rangan before I could speak., "I will go with Leela and you follow in our Taxi Venkat."

But at this I put my foot down. I saw that my friend and patron was in the toils and I resolved to rescue him.

Besides all my carefully laid plans for entertaining were being upset. It would never do if Rangan found a way of entertaining himself

Seizing my opportunity when Rangan had gone to look for something into our taxi, I drew the young lady aside and whispered:

" Do you know my friend is armed ? "

She nodded and said " Yes he showed me his revolver. Isn't it a dear ? "

" And do you know he is a Member of the Lunatic Aylum (M. L. A)

" What ! " she gasped.

" I am his keeper. He is alright in the daytime, but at night he goes wild. You will observe it is getting dark."

" Oh, poor fellow " said the girl.

I could see the dear girl was greatly distressed, but when duty calls this Venkat knows how to be stern and relentless.

" You go on and we will follow," I said.

" Your life is more precious than mine Leave me to grapple with him."

She clambered into her car, and I rejoined my friend.

" It's all right, Mr. Rangan," I said " Miss Leela thinks she had better drive up to her home alone. She fancies the sight of you by her side might give her uncle shock. We are to follow."

Rangan was about to protest but the girl's car has already glided away leaving a cloud of smoke behind.

" Quick you idiot," cried Rangan frantically, as he bundled me into the taxi, and scrambled in after me.

To keep him quiet I kept close running behind the other car for a bit.

" I suppose you know, Rangan, this is a serious interruption to our plans," I ventured.

" That's all right, old boy. No complaints. I say isn't she wonderful. Isn't she ripping. Isn't she—

He was still buzzing away when suddenly the road divided.

The girl went to the right.

With great presence of mind I took the road on the left, " Go on Venkat," and let her rip said my friend.

" Where are you going ? " cried Rangan frantically as I turned to the left.

" To the Race-Course, to the ' Sky View ' ! " I answered sternly.

" It is our only chance. This delay may cost us our liberty if not our lives."

" But the girl--—said Mr. Rangan."

" Keep quiet. A police-sergeant " I replied with that ready invention which rarely fails me.

" Rats ! She's an angel " cried Rangan indignantly.

" With Eagle ! ', I retorted. " Lucky you have had me with you. She was told off of detain us until we could be surrounded. We may break through the cordon and save our skins. If not, it means arrest. Look to your weapon and hold your tongue."

" I really think Venkat—" said Rangan deeply thinking.

" Then stop it. It is not in your line. Leave all the thinking to me."

" But my dear old Venkat——"

" Not a word ! This is no time for idle chatter," I said and with a twist of the wheel I took a shark corner at a jump The darkness has set in, but our blazing head-lights lit up the road. We were nearing our destination, the selected spot, the four crossroads. We were of course late by two hours, but my trusted servant would not fail me.

" I say, Venkat, how do you operate this blessed revolver ? "

Rangan was fumbling with his revolver, but at this moment I put on the brakes so hard that the weapon was jerked out of his hands and he was nearly pitched through the wind-screen.

In fact, we had arrived to our destination, but a barrier of hurdles was erected in front of us across the road.

" What's up ? " gasped Rangan, and at the same instant a figure emerged from the barrier. He was wearing uniform of a police officer. He came up to me and glared into my face suspiciously. Then I began to smile a bit, and winked at him. The officer too winked at me and demanded my licence. As soon as he examined and took a note of the number he yelled out and three constables leaped before us

" Seize that man ! " cried the sergeant to Mr. Rangan, who was groping in the taxi for his revolver.

The constables quickly obeyed the order. They dragged my friend out of the taxi.

" Eh ? what ? What's the giddy notion, what is the blooming idea," yelled Mr. Rangan.

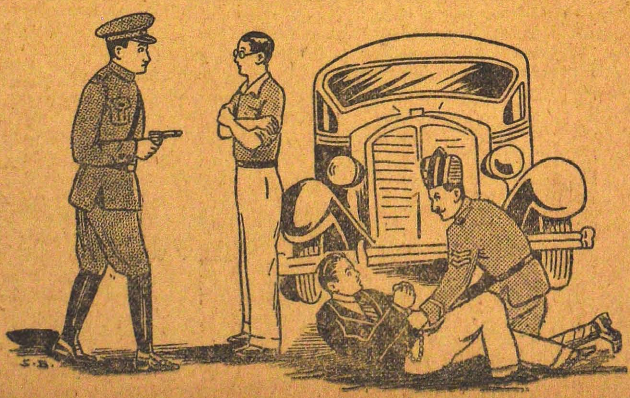
Then my friend began to struggle with the constables. He made a good show. For fully five minutes he gave us a fine exhibition of the he-man business as one could wish to see.

The constables got him down at last, and I saw the click of the hand-cuffs on his wrists with horror.

I quickly turned to the police officer and asked him ;

" What's the meaning of this outrage ? you have made a very grave mistake."

" Oh, no, we are not. That is the man *who is the* escaped.



lunatic. I knew him at once though he disguised. He got away from the Kilpauk Mental Asylum night before last. We have been searching these places for him. You too will have to come along with us, Sir. Helping a member of the Lunatic Asylum and to elude the hands of Medical Authority is a serious matter. Get in, Sir, and come along. We have got our van ready."

In less time than it takes to tell, my friend and I were pushed into the dark police van which at once began to rumble away at a great speed.

Rangan was thrown to the floor, and I fell on top of him. "Keep calm!" I whispered to him and said "they mistake you for some one else. As long as they don't discover the truth, all may yet be well. Keep it up,"

"Venkat, I'm not happy." murmured my friend faintly. "I am not enjoying myself. I don't feel as vimmy as I did."

"Courage!" I answered. "Say nothing. Answer no questions. Pretend to be dumb. Keep silent and trust me, who has done so much for you will not fail you now."

I felt that, however distressing the adventure might be to my friend and patron while it was happening, the memory of it when it was over would give him great satisfaction.

At any rate, he would never be able to say that he did not have a new original experience. Besides, I had promised that he should do something that he had never done before, and Venkat is a man who keeps his word.

The police van stopped near the Asylum, the door opened and we were dragged out.

Grim faced warders with rifle in their hands stood at the gate,

We were conducted to the Chief Doctor's room. We found an official-looking gentleman sitting behind a very official-looking table.

No sooner the official saw my friend he scowled at him and said, in a voice of thunder, "You are an outrageous scoundrel an unmitigated ruffian."

My friend opened his lip to give a reply, but I signalled to him through my eyes to be silent, and so he made only a grimace.

"Don't make faces at me, you deserter!" roared the Head of the Asylum, "What do you mean by breaking the Asylum."

My friend stood quiet.

"Sulky eh!" growled the Doctor. 'Very well, we will see if we can't cure you of that." "Take him away" ordered the Doctor to his servants, "give him a bath, then put him in the solitary confinement under a double guard."

My friend who was looking very bewildered was rushed out of the room by the two men.

"All right?" inquired the doctor, turning to me. "What about you, Sir?"

At this, I felt a bit nervous to speak. Then I explained him briefly what all took place and how he mistook my friend for escaped member of the Asylum.

The Chief after hearing my story got a bit annoyed and said "What I mistook him?" Why, my neice Leela too can identify him."

When he mentioned the name of Leela everything became very clear to my brain.

After greatly difficulty I had to prove him the true identity of my friend and take him once more in my car as one who has been let out 'on bail' who in the meantime underwent all sort of Asylum-nursing at the expert hands of the Mental Hospital.

PUZZLE No. IV.

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Sealed Key Solution deposited with the Editor The Commercial Tit-Bits of India.

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Place a letter for each dash to get the given meanings.
Ref. Chambers XXth Century Dictionary.

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	S T R — — E	Punish
2	T A L —	Speak
3	S — I P	Omit
4	G O — F	A game
5	S — I N — S T O N E	Variety of limestone
6	B A — —	Behind
7	L — — A B L E	Amiable

General Rules:—Bracketted words are not used, The correct solution is one which tallies with the key solution in the possession of the editor. Entries on plain paper with name and address in Block letters. A competitor may win more than one prize and also shares. The correct solution and list of prize winners will be sent only to those who send an extra fee of one anna with the entrance fee. *Address your entries and M. O's. to*:

The Manager, RAJAM & Co.,
TRIPLICANE : : MADRAS.

MY HEIRS

BY
J. H. ACOTT.

I hate cats. Emilia, my better half, (better is another way of saying "worse"), loves them. She adores them. She'd do anything for them.

During the ten years we've been married, Emilia had kept and lost thirty cats, mostly females. Some had been stolen, some had died, some had been abducted by Tom cats with smartly curled whiskers, and some I had brained on the quiet with a hammer. If only Emilia knew how many of her cats I had planted under the hollyhocks in the garden—well—phew!—it makes me sweat to think what would happen.

And after I'd failed to kill Emilia with a patent humane killer, she evidently thought she'd spite me by buying another cat.

"AWFUL things," I said to Emillia as her pet arched its back, drew its lips away from its teeth and looked at me with a malevolent blur in its hateful eyes. "They stick their whiskers in the milk when you're not looking and leave old fish bones in your bed at night." I paused. "Let's cut its whiskers off!" I suggested keenly.

"How dare you suggest such a thing?" said Emilia. And, of course we didn't cut the damned thing's whiskers off.

"I have decided," went on Emilia in her husky crooning voice, (husky like the growl of a bear and crooning like the moan of a broody hen), "that we will have to get somebody who will look after Snookums," (that's Felix of the four paws), "and make her her whole charge. All the others died and strayed because I didn't have time to keep them under my wing all the while."

"Keeping a cat nurse," I said, "is even worse than keeping a cat."

"Rot!" said Emilia, and of course, I agreed with her verbally. "It's lonely without children in the house," she went on with a slight blush. "And the next best thing is cats."

"You mean the next best things is cats," I said.

"No, the next best thing are a cat," answered Emilia, getting a trifle flustered.

"Let's adopt a couple of youngsters," I suggested brightly, hoping that this would put her off her cat mania.

"That wouldn't be quite the same," she replied, blushing still more, "Henry, how is it that we've had no… …"

"Er—er," I stammered. "Er cheer up! I've known people have children when they're fifty years old. And you are only forty-five and I am forty."

Her usually unpleasant and ferocious features were quite beautifully changed for a moment

"Well—er," she suggested.

"Hum—hah," I agreed.

That was in January.

One day in October I came home from the office feeling done up in coils of rope. When I made to enter our common bed room, I was stopped by the cat nurse.

d

"You can't go in there," she saie with a blush. "The doctor's ther now. In a few hours, perhaps."

"But…" I began.

"Sh-h!" she put a finger to her lips. "Your wife is in there…"

"What!" I exclaimed with a sudden surge of joy. "My wife—we…"

"Yes," said the girl softly. "She's in there, and…and…"

"Say no more!" I hooted joyfully. "Say no more, my dear." The poor girl was looking quite confused and shy. She evidently thought the subject was a delicate one.

And so I stamped up and down the drawing room, where I could grunt and snort with happiness to my heart's content, without disturbing Emilia. The miracle had happened! After ten years! Whoops! The occasion, I decided, called for a bottle of champagne or a bottle of Vichy water.

So I skeetered off to the nearest Restaurant to break the happy news to as many of my acquaintances as I could.

"Really!" said Brown when I told him. "My word! Congratulations, old man! Never knew you had it in you! And convey my good wishes and heartiest congrats to your wife too. By Gosh! You two are undoubtedly of great service to the Empire! You should have medals."

Green was even more enthusiastic.

"Well done, old man!" he said. "And there are rumours of another War in twenty years time! Now, in twenty years you could…" but I waited for no more. One son or a daughter would be enough for me. It would chase all the confounded cats out of our house, anyway. That was one blessing.

My health, that of my wife, and that of our child was drunk that evening in many tankards of ale and sundry songs to the effect that "Old soldiers never die" and "Henry Smith's baby's got a pimple on its nose."

"And now you'll have, I hope, someone to carry on the good old name of Smith," said Robinson as he clapped me on the back. "Let's hope it's a male, old chap!"

"Ha! Ha! Halaculala!" I said. I was getting a bit drunk and more than a little squiffy. "Walawala whoopee!" Etc., Etc.

When I staggered home at seven o'clock everything was quiet.

I was met at the door by a medical looking man.

"You're Mr. Smith, aren't you?" he asked gravely.

I sobered up at the tragic look of the man.

"Yes," I said. "What...".

"I don't know how to tell you," he began dolefully.

"I was informed that you loved her greatly and very deeply," he said sadly.

"Go on, man," I urged. "For Heaven's sake don't keep me in suspense. What the devil's happened? Is it..."

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's no good beating about the bush. She's dead! But before she trotted along to the other side she brought into the world..."

"My God!" I groaned and collapsed into a chair, my lips making a noise like a defective machine gun. And then I cheered up as I realised that I had never really loved Emilia. I'd be quite satisfied if the youngster was O. K.

"Terrible news for you, I know, Mr. Smith," the doctor went on. "But that is life. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow, just like our bank balances. A very sad world indeed. Why, when I lost my Flossie I couldn't sleep a wink until I had replaced her."

"Yes," I sympathised, thinking that it would be fine not having Emilia throwing things at me any more. "We flit about the world to-day and we flit off below or upwards, as the case may be, to-morrow. I'm sure the devil will welcome her.

But—she brought into the world..." I prompted as he began to look shocked.

"Six males," said the medico.

"My God!" I said again. "Six...!" I had been prepared for one.

"Male kittens," said the doctor and walked out.

And that's why Emilia and I are known in Littlebampton as "those strange and marvellous people, the Smiths. Six kittens, my dear! Just *imagine*!"

But it saved me killing another cat, anyway!

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TO THE POINT

BY D. S. Dorai

THERE is no foolishness about some of the fathers of Dubuque country, Iowa, who have marriageable daughters and they knew how to precipitate buisiness when the fruit is ripe for plucking, and hangs, wasting its sweetness, when it should be plucked. Matters were brought to a climax with a rush at a certain farmer's residence in Vernon Township, recently. A young tiller of the soil had for months been paying most assiduous attentions to one of his daughters, but he was such a bashful, modest chap, never having been much in the company of girls, except this one, that he had never been able to raise his courage sufficiently high to pop the question.

He had gone to the house in which the lady lived, at least on twenty different occasions resolved to know his fate, but when ushered into the presence of the fair one in whose keeping he had placed his heart, his courage would invariably "go back on him", Upon the evening in question he determined that, come what would, he would tell his Mary that he loved her. He would once for all, decide the matter, but, as upon each former occasion, he could not get the proposal any farther than his throat. There it struck, and he determined to gulp it down and give up the seige, when in walked the girl's father, who advanced to where they were sitting, and thus addressed them—

"I came to put a stop to this here foolishness. Mary Jane, look up here, do you love John Henry well enough to marry him ?"

"Why, father, I—I—you must—"

"Stop that silly foolishin !" yelled the old man. "Answer yes or no, and quick too. It's got to be settled down now or never."

"Well—but, father, don't you know —if you will only wait, and"—

"Dry up ! answer yes or no. Speak !" roared the old gent.

"Well, then, yes ! There now," and Mary again hid her face.

"That's business ; that's the way to talk. Now John, look here—look up here, or I'll shake you all to pieces. Do you want that girl of mine for a wife ? Speak out like a man now."

"Why, Mr.—, ain't this rather a—I mean can't you—"

"Speak it out, or out of this house you will go, head foremost, I won't wait a minute longer. There is the girl. and there ain't a likelier girl in the state, and you just heard her say that she wanted you. Now, John, I won't stand a bit of foolin'. Once for all, yes or no ?".

"Well, yes sir. I have been persumptuous enough to hope that I—"

"Oh, stop your soft talk. The thing is settled down now. You two fools would have been six months more at that job that I've done in five minutes. I never saw such foolin' as there is among young people nowadays. Ain't like when I was young—and now good night. You can talk the thing over, an' you an' me, John, all go up to town an' get the licence to-morrow. Soon be time, to get to ploughin'—no time for love-makin' then. Good-night, Good-night.

THE G. M. M. PUZZLE COMPETITION, No. I.

WIN RS. 50,000.

Read the genuine offer of the Grace Medical Mission and help the Mission's cause by sending up your solutions to the puzzle below. Earlier entries have better chances for extra benefits.

The profits will be utilized for opening a Grace Mission Dispensary at Bangalore and a dispensary for women and children at Trivandrum in Sept. next, according to Resolutions Nos. 2 and 3 passed at the women's session of the Grace Medical Mission Conference held at Karipuzha under the presidency of Mrs. L. Madhavikutty Amma, M. A. L. T, on 2—6—'35.

1st Prize Rs. 20,000 (for all correct entry).

2nd Prize Rs. 5,000 (for one mistake).

3rd Prize Rs. 2,500 (for two mistakes).

4th Prize Rs. 2,000 for the competitors who send the best farce in English on health subjects (a short one act play for stage. Copyright will be reserved to the Grace Medical Mission).

5th Prize Rs. 1,500 for the competitors who send the best lecture in English on the origin, course and prevention of any infectious disease like Cholera, Small-pox, Hook-worm, Typhoid, etc., on "the need for cleanliness" and on "a healthy generation is the present need" (the speech, not to cover more than 3,000 words. Copyright to be reserved to the Grace Medical Mission).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Rs. 4,000, Rs. 2,000, Rs. 1,250, and Rs. 750 for correct entries received before the 15th July, 30th July, 20th Aug, and 15th Sept, respectively. Earlier entrants are more benefited than the later ones.

Rs. 2,050, Rs. 1,050, Rs. 850 and Rs. 550 for one mistake entries received before the 15th July, 30th July, 20th Aug. and 15th Sept, respectively.

Rs. 1,000 for all correct entry from a lady.

Rs. 500 for the maximum number of entries received.

Rs. 5,000 as prizes to the best canvassing agents.

1	G		A		E			divine influence.	34.
2		O		E				a sound.	54.
3	P	O						a game.	58.
4		A	I					a growth from body.	36.
5		I		E				a water passage.	46.
6	M		D		C		L	healing.	47.
7		E		O	N			a fruit.	59.
8		I		E				is essential in office.	32.
9	B	R			L			quarrel.	56.
10		I		E				current.	38.
11	M		S		I		N	message.	98.

Eg. Take No. (1) The word is 'GRRACE' and it conveys the meaning 'divine influence'. CHAMBERS'S XXth CENTURY DICTIONARY is used for reference.

ENTRANCE FEE: Re. 1, Only.

The way to solve:—Fill in the blank squares and find the words as per the clue given against each. The numerical value of the letters are given below; you can check the correctness of the solution by adding the numerical value of each letter of the word, and comparing with the number given against each.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

The accuracy is further checked as follows :—

G	R	A	C	E = 34
7 +	18 +	1 +	3 +	5 = 34

Again take No. (10). The words 'Fire and 'Rife' will suit the numerical sum given against the line (as in the word 'Fire', F=6, I=9, R=18, E=5, the total coming to 38. Similarly in the word 'Rife' too, the total comes to 38); but it should be understood that the word 'Fire' does not convey the meaning 'Current', and hence is incorrect. Beware of bogus companies using such incorrect words as Key solutions.

RULES :—An entrance fee of Rupee one is payable for each entry per Money Order, Indian Postal Order, or Bank Cheques payable in any Limited Bank at Alleppey (we have accounts with the Travancore National Bank, the Quilon Bank, and the Imperial Bank of India). M. O. receipts, postal orders, or cheques should accompany the solutions. The Competitors shall write their names and addresses and the number of entries submitted in block capitals on the back of the envelopes and on the M. O. coupons. The correct solution is one which tallies with the sealed Key Solution in the possession of the agent, the Travancore National Bank, Ltd., Alleppey. In the event of ties the prizes will be divided. Other rules as usual.

The decision of the Medical Expert of the Mission, in all matters relating to this competition, is final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted, but all reasonable enquiries will be attended to, provided each enquiry is accompanied with 6 quarter anna stamps. Anybody not complying with the rules will be disqualified.

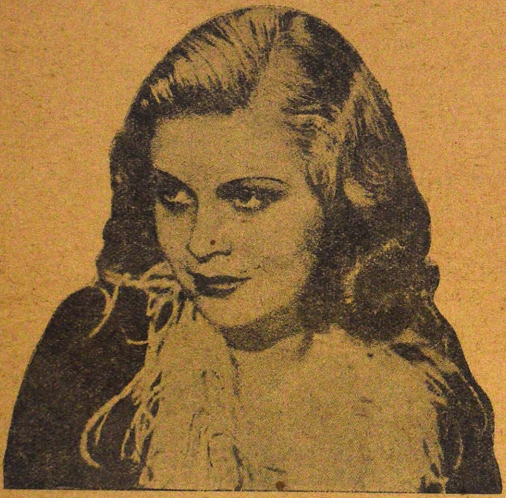
Resident members of the Grace Medical Mission and their families are not permitted to compete. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for winner's list. The answers will be published in "The Hindu" and "The Malayala Manorama" dated 30—9—'35 and in some other papers and Magazines too.

Plain paper entries are accepted. (Closing Date. 25—9—35.)

Address all entries to the Competition Secretary & Money Orders to the Treasurer,

THE GRACE MEDICAL MISSION, Mavelikara, Travancore, S. India.

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen



The Late Dorothy Dell.

Jackie Coogan Grows Up

Jackie Coogan is now all set to try to be a full-grown star. Wearing blue overalls and high-heeled boots, he is at the Paramount studios, ready to play the lead in a Western called "The Code of the West."

An interesting note about Jackie is that he never saw himself on the screen in "The Kid." Jackie was five years old when the picture was released. He went to the preview, but before the picture had gone two reels Jackie was asleep. He was never taken to see it.

Now Jackie would like to see it. Charlie Chaplin is the only one who has a print of this picture, and Jackie hopes one day to persuade him to show it to him.

The Ideals of Lillian Gish

Have we lost Lillian Gish to the screen? Except for "His Double Life," a film version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," we have not seen her since the talkies came. A couple of years ago, she saw all her old successes re-run. She says the most disappointing was "Hearts of the World," in which the company had actually gone into the trenches for some of the war scenes. Incidentally, Noel Coward, then a boy actor, pushed a wheelbarrow in a small part.

Talking of seeing this film after these many years, Lillian Gish says: "It seemed rather foolish to me. We thought the Germans so overplayed." But "Broken Bloossoms," and "The Birth of a Nation" still held her.

"I think," she said. "that they have yet in America to beat 'The Birth of a Nation' In those day we believed in the movies. We were so desperately sincere in our work." This was also the explanation of why she left the screen. "Then people began talking about nothing but box office, and what would make

Mr. George Raft and Margo in "*Rumba*"

A caricature Study of Emil Jannings.

money. It took all the fun out of it. At least, it took the dream out of it."

Big Business

Roxy (Samuel L. Rothapfel), the "super" cinema showman of America. decided to put on a big Biblical stage show—*a la* Cecil De Mille—at the picture theatre he is now running in Philadelphia. He phoned up an actors' agent and asked for a man about fifty years old with a rich mellow voice. "I want him to play either God or Moses," said Roxy. "How much will he want for the job?" "One hundread dollars for god; ninety dollars for Moses," replied the agent, briskly.

Unconventional

Groucho Marx says he has a bright idea for a highly unusual back-stage "musical." In the story, to the amazement of everybody, the understudy sprains her ankle and the leading lady has to play the part herself.

Marie Dressler's Resting-place

I hear that at the mausoleum where Marie Dressler is buried dozens of visitors come in seeking to identify her crypt. But, foreseeing just such curious crowds, the star's friends have left her last resting-place without a name-plate. Nor will attendants give any information. "Maybe if you come back in five or six months I can show it to you," is the only reply.

Which Kind Are You!

"There are three kinds of people in the world to-day. The first kind go to every movie simply because it is a movie; the second kind never go to a movie because it is a movie, and the third kind go to a show to be entertained. It is they who read the announcements and then decide whether to go or stay at home and read or listen to the radio.

It is also the last named class which makes or breaks a picture. It wants its pictures, glad or sad, to tell a story simply and clearly, without too much 'bosh.' The 'super-supers,' grand pageants and 'most costly of all' pictures are just a pain in the neck! Please come back to earth, producers, and give us some of the pictures we want.—

Box Office Draws

The six best money-making directors of last year in America were: W. S. Van Dyke, Frank Capra, Norman Taurog, Lloyd Becon, George Cukor and Victor Schertzing-

A scene from Sakunthala Film Co's '*Gnanasoundari*'

M. R. Gnanambal in 'MARUTHY VIJAYAM.'

er. The best money-making pictures were: "Little Women," "I'm No Angel," "Judge Priest," "Dinner at Eight," "It Happened One Night" and "The Bowery"

Chevalier's Choice

Maurice Chevalier has chosen the ten most fascinating women in the world. Eight of them are film stars: Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, Greta Garbo, Anna Sten, Clara Bow, Loretta Young and Annabella.

ROXY

David Copperfield.

A Galaxy of Stars! Never before in the history of filmdon has such an array of talented stars appeared in one single film as in this Dicken's classic. Entertainment *Par excellence*, with,

W. C. Fields, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Philip Holmes, Maureen O. Sullivan etc.

Funny Magzin 'Countries and Continents' Competition Results.

The correct solution of the Countries and Continents' Competition are as follows:—

1. FRANCE. 2. SCOTLAND. 3. AUSTRIA. 4. ARABIA. 5. GREENLAND. 6. GERMANY. 7. IRELAND. 8. AMERICA. 9. POLAND. 10. RUMANIA.

The first prize of Rs. 150 has been won by the following competitors.

1. Ganesa Iyer, Tuticorin. 2. Ramakrishnan, Madras. 3. B. Govind, Bhagwal. Viramgam. 4. N. Arumugam Chelliar, Colombo. 5. B Vadivelu Pillai, Tanjore. 6. H. Abbas, Secunderabad. 7. K. Abdulla, Secunderabad, 8. P. Barinchandra, Bombay. 9 to 15. Seshagiri Rao, Mysore. 16 to 20. L. Venkatasubba Rao. Bezwada. 21 to 25 H. Ramiah, Bangalore. 26 & 27. Janakamma, Coorg. 28. N. K. Aiyar, Amraoti.

The second prize ol Rs. 100 has been won by 199 competitors and as the prize amouut when divided comes to a small amount to be sent by M O. it has been decided to send Funny Magzin copies to them for a period of 3 months commencing from 5—7—35.

For want of space the competitors' names have been omitted.

BRAIN SPARKLERS

" TAKE A LEAF OUT OF MY BOOK," SAID THE IRATE HUBBY, PRODUCING THE CHEQUE-BOOK.

• • •

Matrimony is the price of love.

* * *

The temple of Diana was one of the seven wonders of the World. 'Cos, her's wasn't POWDERED then.

• • •

To love a woman is human, to keep on telling her so is divine.

• • •

Many are the sailors, I tell you, who heartily hate a nightingale.

• • •

Before the marriage a man yearns for a girl afterwards he earns for her.

* * *

And here is the story of the school-boy who came late, as a result of trying to pronounce D—n.

• • •

OH, THEN REMEMBER ALWAYS THAT ONLY THE SHOW AND READY WINS THE FACE,

• • •

Some girls are pressed for time and some for pleasure.

* * *

You haven't heard of the painter, who when his angry wife packed in haste to go off to her ma's, agitatedly tried to draw her back ?

• • •

Then there was a widow who thought sixes and sevens made leaven.

• • •

Love is the sun of a woman's day, it is merely, the stars of a man's night.

• • •

" We rise by things that are'neath our feet." And by nasty pins that are neath our seat !

• • •

Every girl feels she's destined for some particular man before marriage. The trouble is that one she fancies may be too particular.

• • •

FOR MANY A WOMEN THE BEST CURE FOR THEIR ILLNESS IS A NEW SARI.

• • •

The man who is constantly drinking to others health will soon lose his.

• • •

Those whose minds are always wandering wont go very far.

• • •

There are two things that will break a man—the want of a woman and the wants of a woman.

* * *

Silence is golden when you can't think of a good answer.

• • •

When a pretty woman and a clever man put their heads together it always leads to something-probably a kiss.

* * *

THE PENALTY OF INCREASED EARNINGS IS THAT THEY BRING INCREASED YEARNINGS.

• • •

The worst troubles are those which will never happen.

• • •

A man would sooner bear a woman's burden than her parcels.

* * *

Many a girl is too good looking to be true.

• • •

A holiday in time saves nine.

• • •

A woman is as bold as she looks, a man as bold as he feels.

Uncle Sam Complains

By A. S. RAO.

"BETWEEN you and me and that dumb door-nail, Sandy, billies, I mean, brothers-in-law are a bad lot." Uncle Sam sniffed at the World's contents of brothers-in-law.

"Yes, Sandy, brothers-in-law, backaches, pinching shoes, and the like; troubles in life one can't at all bear. My own brother-in-law for instance."

"What, what about Dr. Jacks?" I burst out and bit my lip. What a blunder! To ask uncle Sam such a question is just to ask for trouble. For ought I know it might send him rambling into one of his "Old Memories." It soon did.

"What about Jacks?" Our Sam echoed my words. "Why, if that d——d fellow didn't once place me in that awkwardest nook I've ever been in, may I be struck dumb this instant"

I sent a silent Amen up to Heaven.

Uncle Sam leaned back and went on. "I don't remember how long ago; but it was one terrible summer; and I was rolling in my stuffy hot room, and wondering if I could stop that blooming heat; and 'ad just concluded I couldn't, when a letter popped in thro' the door with the postman's Khaki hand behind it."

I had got used to Uncle's picturesque way of telling things; and I let him trot at his own pace.

"A look at that letter and I knew from whom it was. Jacks hadn't doctored it at Secunderabad for not longer than three years: and made half the townfolk drink his coloured aqua in labelled bottles without learning to write like a real doc. It is the birthright of a doctor to write illegibly. Well, the letter told me to breeze along, and spend a couple of weeks with Sister and Jacks; and I decided I would.

I let the Calcutta mail rush to Bezwada that night and the Nizam's Railway sauntered with me in a very stately manner to Secunderabad; and the next noon I was with Jacks.

"Within an hour of my landing, I noticed with some alarm that Dr. Jacks was rather fenced with the sons of Islam; I mean to say, his servants were Mohamedans, his chaffeur was ditto, and barring the compounder there was not a soul in the whole of the atmosphere that could talk the King's English or honest Telugu which I knew.

"And when I mentioned this to Jacks, he fell laughing and said, 'I guess you will get into a pretty mess, if you are left alone with them, ha! Ha!"

"I took it rather on the chin; Now that's not the kind of jeer you could take lying down......Certainly not from a billy! You see when it is a billy you deal with, you've got to swank it before him; or depend upon it, he'll treat you like dirt A billy is linked up to you thro' a woman, a sister *cherchez is femme.* as the French have it. And when there's a girl in it, you ought to have a care about things and hold up your head.

"I rose to the occasion. 'Jacks' I said, perhaps it'll surprise you to know I have just completed a course of Urdu. Took it as kind of hobby; but got it o'er all right."

"I fancied Jacks took a breath in at that. But I am not sure. Anyhow he said "why, that's amazing, and I didn't expect that.

"The incident passed off. It was the same evening that my billy asked if I would like to see the Capital of the land of Muslims.

"O. K., Billy!" was all I said with some misgivings in my mind.

Jacks and I walked ahead: and Jaffer the chaffeur was to follow with the car and the compounder interpreter.

"We were walking along in a great style. I mean, I was walking along in a great style, twirling my handstick, when a string of he and be hurled at us from behind, made us turn round together. Behind us stood a son of Islam, his beard in a magnificent disarray doubtless due to my stick having come in violent contact with that venerable bush—— his beard.

"It did not make me laugh, however. I had always thought of Mohamedans as a fighting race. And this lubberly fellow in all the flow of his rage, seemed to me every inch the ruthless warrior. He poured out another volley of Urdu at me and my stick, I guessed. But what suddenly made me weary with life was my billie's sidling up to me and asking in an under-tone "What's he telling you?" It was then that I recalled the talk of the morning. Jacks wanted me to interpret the Muslim's jargon; and for all the Urdu I know, I could have as well turned poet and interpreted the talk of birds and beasts.

"But it was not too late now to give up the show. I tried to imagine what he was saying; and the longer that I thought of it, the more it sounded to me either booho or hahoo.

but as neither of those words occurred in my vocabulary, I had to risk something of my own. Now Sandy, it's one of our chief duties to see our fame and name unblotted. So I said to Jacks, 'He says how do you do? May Allah bless you.

"Probably ad old patient of yours!" I added by way of explaining things.

"Then, unfortunately, another rush of Urdu hurled out. Dr. Jacks looked puzzled. My exposure seemed imminent. Suppose Jacks would want me to say something kind to his old patient. This turned me sick.

"Now, look 'ere, Sandy. Sam may get into awkward nooks but luck never lets him down. It was just then I heard the rattle of Dr. Jack's old Ford car driving up along the road.

"I never felt such affection towards any other object as I then felt towards the car. Here was the life-line! To grab Jacks by hand, to mutter how late it was getting already, to hop into the faithful old Ford and to start getting away from the irate son of Islam, was all the work of a whirlwind moment. As Jaffer slipped into the top gear and the old car shivered and gathered speed, I lent over the side and looked along the road. The lubberly Muslim was doing a bit of toilet work over his beard in the midst of the road.

"I chuckled and turned. My eyes fell on the empty space beside the driver in front. The chuckle choked in my throat. The compounder was not there. I had not noticed it till then. A quick shiver passed thro' me.

'Jacks' I gasped "Where's the compounder?"

"The what?"

"The compounder, Jacks, isn't he come?"

"Why, I'm sick of taking that fellow about in the car, just because I can't talk Urdu. Now, that you are here, can t you direct Jaffer?"

"Sandy, the pity is I can't talk Urdu. Otherwise, why otherwise? Somehow I see, I managed to get out of the mess feebly. But what I saw at that moment was a blazing patch of red—danger in the air.

"Fancy rushing along the car with a driver not knowing whether you are saying. 'Stop, you thief, or drive like fury.' If Jaffer minded to keep a-going on till he came to the lands of Antipodes, he might do it with impunity. A pleasure trip, indeed.

"And all the while, we were getting nearer Hyderabad, and my heart was getting inside my boots. Even the undaunted Sam's heart quaked. Soon there would buzz into view the Nizam's College and the Char Minar. And Jacks would say, "Stop he:e, and let's look at this" What am I to do? The question thumped again and again.

"Would the petrol run out, or would something snap inside the rotten Ford! But what's the use of hoping for luck. Jaffer at the wheel sat straight like a staff. The car rolled on. And Hyderabad was nearer than ever.

"A thought struck me. Dash it all, Sam is in for luck still, If only I could train Jaffer to taking orders by silent gesture all might go well yet. Only I must take care to flash my signal while Jacks is looking away the other side. Were'nt monkeys and elephants doing things by man's gestures! Why not Jaffer? I could later slip a rupee into Jaffer's hand get the compounder to tell him what a dear fellow he had been and hush it up for ever.

"Dr. Jacks was engrossedly looking away. I coughed lightly, but Jaffer was too well-bred a chaffeur to look back. Hang his manners. Why can't the brute look back? And Hyderabad rushing nearer, and dangerously nearer. I got desperate. And then I did it. One hand raised to show stop. I stole the other up to Jaffer and lightly pinched the chap...Bang! Jaffer jumped up in his seat and lost his steering. The car swerved and missed running into a bundy by an inch or two. Jacks turned with a what's it. I must have overdone the pinching.

"I fell back in the seat, and clenched my teeth and muttered the one word Toothache. What else was I to do?

"Jacks face was a picture of sorrow. The poor fellow knows I had attacks of tooth-ache once in a while. He did not know it was bunkum just then. "Lie back Sam, we must go home at once: unfortunately I don't have the medicine chest with me now. And now, don't talk whatever you do, lie back ant rest.

"Between clenched teeth, I mumbled something about giving directions to Jaffer. I saw Jacks touch Jaffer on his shoulder point to me and back to me and back to home Jaffer understood.

"To our right, I could see the huge pillars of Char-Minar, the fountain in the rear playing in silver jets before the mosque. As we re-crossed the Char-Minar, the car slipped about twenty yards past, wheeled to the right and turned back towards home. Jaffer's toe went down the accelerator. The car jumped forward and devoured the road.

"What a beautiful mosque, said Jacks resting his eyes on the grand mosque as we recrossed the mosque.

"As I turned, we slipped past and my eyes fell on a row of cap shops, and I burst out 'What grand caps!'

"Here's the Nizam's College," said Jacks as we crossed the stately building.

"We had swept past before I turned: and so I added "Here's an open midan' And these staly cypress trees! 'And the green grass!' I said giving faithful utterance to what my toothache forbade'. Don't mind my ache in my talk.

"We gave it up trying to look at the same thing together. Back to Secunderabad, sister ran out of the house as I stepped down from the car. 'And how's Hyderabad?' She smiled at me. "Magnificient", said I "chiefly glories in caps, open spaces, and grass, and ruthless warriors, I burned to add; "You must have enjoyed the trip immensely" she cooed. 'Immensely' I returned.

"But what I didn't enjoy was what happened to me later. Jacks took me to his consulting room: Sandy, and made me swallow and gorgle all sorts of liquids: and I had a great suspicion that half of them must be poison. But what could I do?

"Now, what do you think of the billy?": you are right now" ended my triumphant uncle Sam.

The clock on the wall struck eleven long-drawn strokes. I waited. The last stroke died on the silence of the night.

"Seems to me, uncle, the yarn is quite topping. But where does your billy come in for blame. That's what I don't see." I coughed a bit.

"What you can't see?" haughtily corrected my uncle. "I have for long been suspecting, Sandy, that your intellect is sinking. Now look 'ere if Jacks hadn't tried to jeer at me about not knowing Urdu——"

"Incorrigible," I said: of course meaning it to my dear Sam.

" Incorrigible brother-in-law, you're right now!" commented my uncle.

Some words rose to my lips: they struck half way; and left me with uncle Sam and the stillness of the night.

One third price

(Supplied only to the married)

1. Album of 12 Nude girls taking exercise
2. Album of 12 Nude men taking exercise
3. Album of 12 Nude girls selected from different countries of the world

Original Price Rs. 7/8 for 3 albums.
Reduced Price Rs. 2/8 for 3 albums.

Look sharp only a few remaining

STENO HOUSE AGENCY, AMRITSAR.

She: Promise me darling you'll never never let me down!"

Sentence.

A man offered his seat in the tram-car to a woman passenger. As the car started it gave a sudden jolt and he lounged forward, clutching wildly for a strap. He grabbed the nearest one, which was already held by a young woman.

Looking up, she said, "Evidently we must hang together."

The man, looking down at the pretty owner of the hand, replied. "Capital punishment."

* * *

A Bit Out-of-Date.

A party of Whitsunn hikers hailed an old shepherd tending his flock in a remote part of the Highlands.

"How's the War going?" asked the old fellow.

"War!" exclaimed one of the hikers. "Good gracious, that finished years ago!"

"Finished, ay," nodded the shepherd. "Who won?"

"We did," was the reply.

"Well, well, well!" said the shepherd. "What have they done with old Kruger?"

"Why, that was the Boer War!" said one of the hikers." "We've had another since then."

"Who won that?" asked the shepherd. "And who was it against?"

"We did," said one of the youths. "It was against the Germans."

"My word," said the other, "I bet Queen Victoria's pleased!"

* * *

With Soft Seats, Too!

Father was very disappointed with his son's progress at school. His Whitsun report from the headmaster read very badly.

"Look here, Tommy," he said sternly, "you'll have to buck up. There must be an alteration."

The boy hung his head.

"I'm sorry," he replied quietly, "but I was wondering if there could be an alteration in the school."

"What do you mean?' asked his father.

"Well, seeing that I had such an awful time last term, couldn't you find a school which advertised 'Easy Terms'?"

* * *

First Actor: "Hallo, Jones, I hear you've got a part in a new show. What's the salary?"

Second Ditto: "There isn't any. But we eat a real pudding in the second act!"

* * *

"I beg your pardon," said the hotel clerk, "but what is your name?"

"Name?" echoed the guest who had just signed the register. "Don't you see my signature there?"

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

* * *

Milkman: "Good morning, Mrs. Brown! It looks like rain-to-day."

Mrs. Brown: "Yes but you're charging threepence a pint for it, all the same!"

* * *

"What made you think your husband wasn't sober when he came home last night?"

"He was watering the flowers on the linoleum."

* * *

When the commotion caused by the arrival of the latest addition to the family had subsided somewhat, Nurse asked little brother: "Wouldn't you like to see your new sister the stork has brought?"

"No," was the response. "I'd rather see the stork."

* * *

"Yes, I know it's a best seller, but is it pure and clean?"

"Well, the hero's a white hope the heroine works in a laundry, and her mother takes in washing, I don't know what more you could have in the way of cleanliness."

* * *

A film actor and his wife were seated in a secluded corner of their club. The wife had a tongue like a shrew and was scolding her husband in no uncertain terms.

Unnoticed by her, a party of acquaintances approached within earshot, just as she delivered herself of this: "You mean skunk! Of all the slimy snakes I think you're the worst. You're just a cheap skate!"

Noticing the people who had just arrived, the husband, who deserves a medal for tact, said: "Quite right, dear; and what else did you say to him?"

* * *

Husband: "If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it."

Wife (coyly): "You used to steal kisses from me before we were married."

"Well, you heard what I said."

* * *

Alarm.

The little man who was the meek escort of the big woman in her ramble through the shopping establishment had fainted.

"Is he subject to this sort of thing?" asked a shopwalker, as he rendered first aid and motioned the crowd to stand back

"Not exactly," replied the woman, "He's a little nervous sometimes. I tried to buy it without letting him see me, but he heard me give the order."

"Buy what?' asked the shopwalker, somewhat suspiciously.

"A rolling-pin," said the woman.

And then they understood.

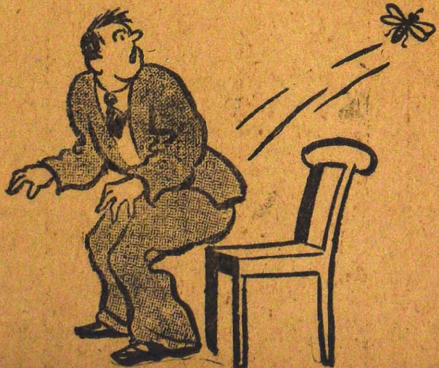
THE SOUVENIR

By Sheik Iftekar Rasool.

சென்னை-600 008

My face, behold, is so swelled up,
That I can hardly see;
I toyed with poison-ivy where
It clambered up a tree;
I'm also marked from head to foot
With raw mosquito-bites,
Through sleeping with my window wide.
These sultry summer nights.

I much prefer to stand erect
Or lean upon a staff,
I sat upon a busy bee
That left its autograph.
But all these painful little ills
I bear with proud elation,
Because they are the souvenirs
I gathered on vacation.



HIS EXCUSE

By

DHURUVAN.

"DON'T get so very frightened of us! Come right in, please! We have no objection, whatsoever!" invited Padma, her cousin Chandran, who had accidentally strayed into the room.

Chandran became indignant. His was a highly sensitive nature aggravated by an acute inferiority complex. He turned around, but as he saw a group of girls giggling mischievously at his embarrasment, and Padma there, her little impish mouth twisted into a mocking smile, he thought better of it, and beat a hasty retreat; he spent a miserable day, cursing and condemning the modern civilisation that was responsible for the cheek and impudence, he found in the otherwise shy and modest girls.

Padma was disappointed in him. She had been indulging in the fond hopes that her cousin would turn out to be a dashing young-man-about town, who would play Romeo to her, and had been looking forward to having a good time with him. But Chandran was a lamentable social failure and a back number in these modern days: he so discreetly kept himself aloof from the fooleries, in her opinion amusements, of the present world.

* * *

"Your daughter is an accomplished singer!"

Chandran's father inquired that more of himself than of Mr. Mudaliar, Padma's father, seated before him.

"Yes. An adept at harmonium as well. What about it?"

"Chandran plays with rare ease and felicity on the "*Thabela,*" mused the other, ignoring the question.

"You need not remind me that!"

"Seems to me the best way is," continued Chandran's father. "Hold a musical concert with Padma and Chandran participating in it, and thus instil into them an admiration for each other's skill. They will then be drawn together by mutual appreciation and respect. What d'ye say?"

"You have said it!" cried Mr. Mudaliar admiringly." Do you know, old man, your wonderful brains have impressed me greatly?

I should very much like to get mine interchanged for yours..............What about to-morrow afternoon ? " he went off at a tangent.

"Eh! What's the hurry ? Don't you think it much better to wait till I died a natural death ? " the startled man parried hastily.

"Don't be a fool, man. I am talking of the concert ! "

"Oh, that ! " the reply came with a sigh of relief. "The sooner the better."

"All right. To-morrow after-noon then!"

* * *

PADMA'S voice rose like a nightingale's. The 'Raga Alapana' served to show the technical skill of the artiste to perfection. The slow deliberate music, accentuated by the grace and modulation of her mellow voice, caused the audience to go into raptures over it. Mouths opened in admiration, and heads swayed in appreciation. Padma was putting her heart and soul into her efforts, presumably to impress Chandran.

But Chandran did not seem interested in her singing. He was casting furtive glances about and displaying fidgetive movements. His uneasiness was manifesting itself in unmistakable signs of impatience. Tang ! Tang ! He gave meaning taps at the 'Thabelah !

Padma glanced at him in surprise. His face was dull and listless and he was shifting about restlessly. "Probably he cannot bear having to remain a silent spectator of my singing" she thought, and soon after, to give Chandran his due part, began singing the 'keerthana Vathapi.'

Chandran, however, did not seem prepared for the song : he did not greet it with the usual hilarious opening. Even when the song was undergoing all the skilful renderings, the singer could put it to, he remained content with just a few taps here and there.

Padma was frankly puzzled. She found Chandran's Thabelah-playing greatly distracting her from singing to time. All sorts of impossible explanations crowded into her mind. Was he doing it purposely to lead hdr astray and get her into disgrace ? Was he...? She dismissed all that as impossible, but nevertheless her maidenly heart raged with bitter disappointment.

Grief made her voice husky and her eyes misty. She stopped singing to clear her throat, and blink away the tears that trembled over the sweeping silken lashes of her sad eyes.

Queerly enough, Jaganathan too stopped his playing.

His gaze wandered to the entrance of the room. A bevy of damsels, resplendant in their bright coloured sarees and sleeveless blouses met his gaze. For a moment he seemed bewildered. Then, he got up and, without looking at anybody, SIDLED FURTIVELY TO THE DOOR.

The whole company gaped thunderstruck at his behaviour.

Without even waiting for the females at the door-way to move aside and make way, he edged rudely through them, to the stairs. In his haste, he missed the top-stairs and started sliding to the bottom. Half-way down he collided with a young girl, a late-comer to the concert, and the two continued the journey together.

He could hear excited voices up-stairs and the clatter of feet rushing to the stairs. On top of all that, his companion frightened out of her wits, began screaming, as soon as they reached the bottom "THIEF ! MURDER ! HELP ! HELP ! "

Chandran did not care to wait. Picking himself up instantly, he ran as if for dear life, the yells of the terrified girl impelling his legs to greater efforts.

* * *

The full realisation of what it all might lead to, came upon Chandran's father almost immediately. His son had abused all the laws of etiquette and cooked his own goose, at the same time ! It was an awkward situation requiring considerable tact, in its handling.

"My dear brother," he implored, "May I beg you to kindly forbear your judgment, till we hear what Chandran has to say about this ? " His hand went out in a gesture of pleading. "I am in the dark myself and I assure you, brother, if he fails to account for this satisfactorily, he will no more be my son than he is yours."

Mr. Mudaliar answered with just a grimace of disgust. He remained adamant in his view, spite of all pleading and argument, that Chandran had openly insulted him.

In utter despair, Chandran's father appealed mutely to Padma. As she looked into the sad face turned towars her, in expectation of sympathetic assistance, her face lit up with tenderness and understanding. She felt that Chandran could not insult in the vaguest sens of the term, even if he wished. Her eyes turned entreatingly into those of her father :

"Father, father dear, for my sake at least, relent a bit and accept uncle's proposal, please. There must be a reason and we have a right to know it. If it were really insult——Oh ! It will not be——It cannot be ! " she broke down sobbing.

This intercession softened Mr. Mudaliar somewhat. He did not fail to perceive also, with gratification, that for his daughter to take up Chandran's part, there could only be one reason. Something for which he had been hoping against hope for !

* * *

A miserable and tearfully repentant Chandran attempted a smile, which ended in a ghastly failure, as father and uncle went up to him.

All his, uncle's seething fury petered out, as a campfire under a sudden downpour, at the sight of Chandran, reduced to a complete despair, by the abruptness with which all his dream-castles had been shattered into pieces.

"What's the matter, Chandra? Have you a headache or something? His voice was kind and encouraging.

Chandram shook his head and moaned dolefully.

"Then why the devil, did you leave so suddenly?"

Chandran kept silent.

"Come on!" he patted Chandran coaxingly, "You mus explain your behaviour! Do you realise that you have insulted me?"

Chandran groaned piteously, his visage grimly prophetic of a future, so ignobly vanquished by bitter Fate.

"Well, did you do it purposely?" the uncle's voice showed a little annoyance.

Chandran still shook his head.

His father was worked to a state of uncontrolled passion, by the aching tension of his nerves.

"You idiot! Why don't you answer? Cant you speak? What do you have in your blasted mouth? Will the pearls in it get spilt if you opened it?" he raved.

The son's face flamed with overwhelming shame. His pride was a crushed pulp. He shuddered but managed to conceal his feelings with a sickly smile, and murmur mournfully, scorn and sorrow mingled in his tones.

"Must you really know the reason?"

A face contorted with disdain and disappointed love, looked down with resignation and stoic indifference.

Noticing his son's serious manner, his father suppressed a flippant answer which was on his lips.

"Certainly! Perhaps you do not know that but for the pleading of Padma, I would not be here!' Mr. Mudaliar was irritated.

Chandran had given up all hopes that Padma would ever be his. Even the little regard she might have had for him, he expected to have dwindled away at his recent fiasco. But what had his uncle said? That Padma had spoken for him! Chandran's heart beat fast. It was too good to be true.

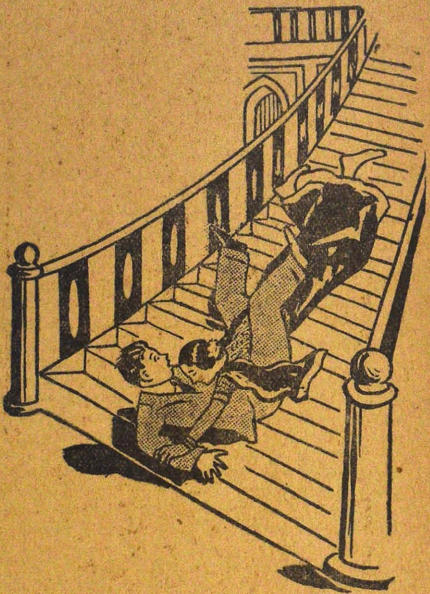
With that his reserve seemed to have been shattered. In a nonchalant tone, suggestive even of mockery, he exclaimed, "You wouldn't believe it, if I told you!"

"Why not? Anyway, you need not be beating about the bush like this to speak the truth!" shouted his father.

A self-pitying smile, softening the drawn lines of his mouth, Chandran confessed in a voice of abject pathos:

"All during the morning, I had been experiencing a slight stomach-ache. I thought it would pass off and so did not take much notice of it. But as time passed the blessed thing grew more and more severe, till at last, I could not bear it. I felt that I had to ease myself and so ...." he shrugged his shoulders expressively.

Father and uncle blinked at each other, pop-eyed, unable to believe their ears. Could anything be more ridiculous? They could not contain themselves: falling on each other's necks and holding their stomachs they howled with laughter.



The two continued the journey.

"God!" Mr. Mudaliar gasped, as the fit of uncontrollable mirth was subsiding. "It's the greatest scream I've come across for years!"

This seeming levity appeared too much for Chandran's frayed nerves and he looked up at them with a look of consternation, wondering how they could jest in face of his misery. Did it mean that he had a chance after all........?

His uncle came to his rescue.

"Cheer up, you silly ass! You need not worry anymore, that I will remain offended with your misbehaviour. It is as good as forgotten. Your explanation has done that and more. Will that do to put away your melancholy expression?"

"For the time being," replied Chhndran, showing no signs of brightening up.

"What on earth - - - oh-h-h, I get you!" His uncle nodded his head wisely. "So, that's it, eh? Well, what do you expect us to do? To teach you how to kiss your wife? Go ahead, man, and make up with her. But I tell you! You had better give up your blinking bashfulness, if you really want Padma!" he wound up with an advice.

Chandran took it and the first rickshaw he met.

* * * *

Nobody seemed aware of his arrival. He boldly proceeded to Padma's room. Padma was not there and he decided to wait.

His head was as full of ideas as earlier in the day, it had been full of worries. That he had a soft place in the heart of Padma was the most pleasant discovery he had made of the powers, that had hitherto remained latent in him.

There followed a moment of chilly misgiving, as Padma delayed her coming. Then, the rustle of a silk saree and the tinkling of jewels reached his ears. A thrill of excitement disturbed his calm, as he hurriedly seated himself in a chair.

He exulted in the knowledge that Padma had crossed the threshold but had immediately stepped back with a gasp of surprise and a startled "oh!"

Behaving as casually as possible, he turned his head.

"Good evening Padma!" he greeted her amiably, his face all wreathed in smiles "Why get so very frightened ... me? Come right in, won't you? I have not the least ...tion!"

...adma was baffled by his smug, complacent manner. ...hdrew a pace, as if not sure of herself and regard... ...tently. Womanly intuition enabled her to grasp ...u and she resolved to assume an attitude of ...iance though she found it rather difficult ...

...ning," she responded coldly. "To what do I ...re, please? Don't you think you should ...me at the parlour? It does not become a ...man like you, to make yourself at home, in ...rl's room!" she managed to rasp out with as much dignity as she could summon. Her attempts to stifle a smile that rose, notwithstanding roaring to the surface, gave Chandran the necessary courage to play his part, effectively. He grinned through the biting sarcasm of his words, walked across the room and gently took her hands into is own. But she pulled them away - - - her whole body away from him.

"I don't want you to do that," she snapped, at him.

"I am sorry, Padma," he begged looking straight into her eyes, "This is my first attempt at "love making" and so be a little lenient, will you? I will explain everything, if you will kindly listen."

"Your English etiquette of kicking one first and getting away with an apology, won't wash with me!" she sneered.

"But I thought you were modern!" He tried a little sarcasm

"Shut up!" She gave him a look that he felt, would have clean devoured him, if it had lasted a little longer. Luckily a proud toss of her head saved him, for with it she sailed out of the room. Chandran knew that for all her frigid demeanour, she was only too glad at the turn things had taken, and he followed her silently rejoicing in the thought that a happy reconciliation was looming in the offing.

He saw Padma crossing the road to a little asis of flower-beds and turf. The sly glances she threw at him from the corners of her eyes showed that she was aware of the pursuit, and every now and then, a flicker of smile hovered around her lips, only to disappear as quickly as it had appeared.

"I am sorry," he began again, moving nearer, his hand stealthily seeking hers.

"Don't touch me or talk to me! The nerve you have to approach me, after insulting me that way!"

"My dear girl," Chandran submissively said." I know that appearances are against me but a kind little angel like you should not put faith in those deceptive......"

Her silk scented handkerchief fluttered down and interrupted him. He gallantly rushed to pick it up, but gave Padma another surprise, by walking away from her, without returning it. Had he gone mad?

"Here, what are you doing? Let me have my handkerchief back!" be called after him.

Chandran turned on her, his eyes become suddenly hard and purposeful. "Sure, darling! But you commanded me not to approach you!' he sighed wearily, 'So there is nothing left for me but to go and make the best of this hopeless life!"

Padma understood that the tables were being turned.

"Give me my hankie first, and remember, mister," she cautioned curtly, "You cannot wriggle out of this so easily, without explaining your conduct satisfactorily;"

"Not my fault! You would not allow me to do so!" Chandran reminded her.

Well then, do so now!" she commanded.

Padma listened with interest and curiosity - - - her game giving way to a stare of incredulity. Whatever she had expected was not this. The absurdity of the whole thing tickled her too much to remain serious any longer. She broke out into a musical laugh - - - so hearty that it brought tears to her eyes, and made Chandran regard her sourly, wondering from where in the world people could have derived their strange sense of humour that day.

"Well," she said primly on recovering her breath, "This is a nice state of affairs, isn't it?"

"Very," he replied drily, "Now that I have done my duty, I think I had better be going!"

'Of course! But wait a moment! There's something I want to say - - - something I shouldn't say things being as they are - - - "

"Then why try?" Chandran intrerrupted, "Things are bad enough as they are. You are being too wonderfully good about it all!" he spoke rather resentfully, "All the same you need not kill any hopes that one might have .. ... Padma, don't look at me that way!"

"I don't know how I'm looking at you," she told truthfully enough, 'You're being very stupid! I'm trying to tell you something."

"Go on, then," He said sullenly, "But let me down as easily as possible - - - more easily than I let you down,"

Dusk had descended upon them by now and there was an exhilarating touch in the evening air.

"I was wondering if you'd know how to act first and talk afterwards!" she quoth, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

As if Chandran did not!

"You bet I do not!" he replied blithely, and responding to the invitation which gazed with undisguised adoration into his own, Chandran, had drawn her warm, agitated little body close to his own. He could feel her trembling - - - the beating of her passionate little heart against his own thrilled him with a strange sweetness. That wild longing for love - - - he could now see it in her large, hazel eyes - - - could see it in the pathetic quiver of her lips

"Not bad after all for a novice like you!" whispered Padma as she disengaged her lips unwillingly.

THE WONDER HORSE

By C. V. V.

"VENKAT, to-day is the Shandy. Abdul has promised to bring the horse. We must somehow bargain and get the animal. What do you say?"

Though I had other work to attend to, I had to postpone all and accompanied my friend to the Shandy.

True to his words Abdul had already arrived with his horse. We noted him at a distance.

No sooner we arrived than our attraction dragged to the horse, a gaunt animal whose meek expression was contradicted by the gleam in its bulging eyes. The freckled, red-bearded owner held its birdle.

"Good morning Sirs," said the owner. "This is the wonder horse I had promised," and continued "he is a very faithful horse, Sir, he's been working for his life ever since. He hasn't committed any grave crime in his service except once he chewed my new 'lungi.' So if you want a highly trained horse cheap' now's the chance. The price of the horse is cheap and fixed (Rs. 50/-) and nothing more," finished the owner.

MY friend Mr. Rangan looked at the animal once more and weighed in his mind its worth. Then he decided to give the owner the price of the horse and took the reins of the animal into his hands.

The meek animal glancing doubtfully at his new owner, ambled forward. My friend watched admirably and led his new purchase out of the Shandy in the road, tied him to the entrance gate, and sat down nearby to review the situation. While the animal like an Arab-steed "stood meekly" by. His expressions at that time registered humble gratitude, coupled with sorrow for his past sins. At intervals he investigated the gate he was tied down by his new master. Possibly he was turning over a new leaf.

dashed of blindly ...

My friend who was sitting all the while with crossed legs, sighed, climbed to the gate and untied the halter, and addressed the horse: "We'd better be pushing on."

"Weh—heh, hee?" said the animal.

Then they set down the road for 'stonage' an old house of my friend. It was an unexpected legacy from his uncle to him. Though he got it free, he was unable to repair them, since his income was meagre. So he thought it to be a good stable for his horse.

Providentially, they met no one Rangan knew *en route*.

My friend led the animal to his ruined house and tethered him to one of the pillars in the verandah and gave the animal a preliminary meal of grass-cuttings which he plucked out from the same house.

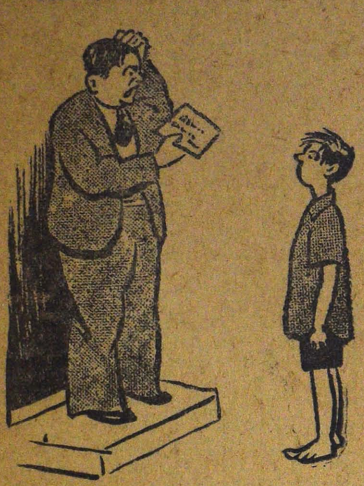
Then he came to the pial of the house to rest awhile. After few minutes of thinking, he realised that he had made an unholy hash things. He thought that he made a bad bargain and so on

He was roused from his ly by a series of thuddi sions from the direction of verandah where he has stabled his horse, and he went in quickly to investigate.

The horse had contrived to twist sideways, half strangling himself in the process. He had already converted the two new water tubs into one, pulled down the ceiling, dug out a pit, smashed the nearby door, but he stopped kicking when my friend appeared and grinned at him affectionately.

"Listen to me" said he addressing the horse, and the animal's ears twitched.

"I have paid Rs. 50/- hard cash for you and you have done 50 times that amount of damage. You are now the property of Mr. Rangan, the he-man and you may as well grasp the fact."



"Weh, hee, hee!" mocked the horse.

Rangan left the horse and went into one of the rooms nearby, and fetched an old saddle. He fixed it on the horse, released it from its bondage and took him to the spacious back-yard of the house, intending perhaps for a test-ride. He slowly mounted on the animal and was about to fix his legs in the stirrupes, the animal began to stare at the green grass which has overgrown nearby. It seems the animal got intoxicated by tht green grass, for he dashed ofl blindly with my friend hanging to the birdle. They circumvigated the back-yard twice before he allowed himself to be dragged to a stand still.

My friend regaining his breath swung himself into the saddle. The animal at once bolted to one of the fence of the yard, inspected it quickly, turned, kicked out half-a-dozen pallings with methodical force like a steam-hammer and then knelt down, and tried to crawl through the opening.

He left his master in the back-yard, and courteously waited for him in the lane outside.

Rangan went and mounted again. One of them was obviously giving the other a lesson, but until it became clearer which was the pupil and which was the teacher, or exhaustion supervened or darkness fell or police intervened Rangan meant to stick to it.

The lane turned at right angles into the main road. My friend unguided, set off at a steady trot in the opposite direction of the Shandy ——probably to return back the animal.

They covered nearly a mile before they saw a bullock cart drawn up by the road-side.

Rangan recognised the occupants at once. His horse appeared to recognise the occupants also, for it dropped from a trot to a walk and within a few feet of the cart stopped dead.

II

"Hullo," said the occupant of the cart looking up with a start. "What on earth have you got there?"

"A horse," said Mr. Rangan dismounting. "Just a horse."

The new-comer shook his head and said: "There is more than horse's blood in that beast. If I had ears and eyes like that............"

"Well you haven't," said my friend.

"At least not exactly" said the other and began to think himself how to get out of the obstruction with his cart.

"Can I be of any help asked my friend."

"Don't think so, thanks" said the other.

In the meantime a thud-like sound came from the direction of the beast and the new-comer and my friend simultaneously turned their heads towards that direction.

The brute momentarily forgotten, had prostrated himself in front of the cart. His gaunt length practically blocked the road. It looked more dead than any dead animal ever looked before.

"I suppose that your horse is trying to be funny?" said the new-comer, and said "is he a pet of yours?"

"No, he isn't mine at all." So saying Rangan went near the horse and said "Get up you ass!"

"It's only half an ass," said the other and added "can't you exhibit more diplomacy?"

He then thought it useless to waste time hence he ordered the cart driver to draw aside and ordered him to go since he preferred to go by walk, the rest of his journey.

The driver accordingly turned over and started. Meanwhile the prostrated beast raised its languid head, glanced at the backing of the cart, and flopped down again.

On seeing all these tricks the new comer got a bit annoyed and demanded my friend.

"What in the world are you doing with this animal?"

"I bought him in the Shandy, Sir."

"Why?"

"Because of necessity."

"You don't mean.........that this horse is yours? yes!"

"H o w perfectly preposterous" gestured my friend and added "Don't call him that——it hurts its feelings. And my horse has more feelings than any other animal, I ever met."

In the meantime a 'Morris' began to sight at a distance, and my friend quickly went to the horse and cursed.

"You idiot, get up, quick!"

The horse raised its head, surveyed the oncoming 'Morris' car with a lack lustre-gaze, decided that life was still worth while, and shuffled to his feet. The car arrived in the meantime with an indignant hooting and honking and swerved past.

"He looks," said the new-comer thoughtfully, "as if he'd like somebody on his back again, and I will be awfully grateful if you will excuse me, if I did this."

"Did what?" asked my friend.

"This," said the other. He put the foot in stirrup and swung up in the saddle.

"I know an awful lot about these animals really," said he and smiled down at my friend, and my friend had a sudden conviction.

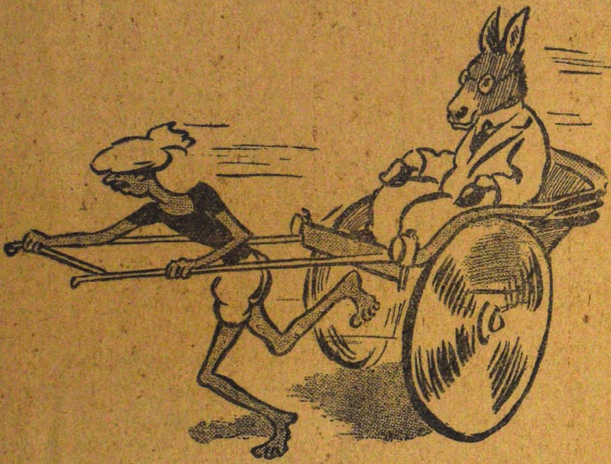
Then the rider patted the horse's neck, and the horse duly responded, broke into a swift, loping-trot that hid him in a cloud of dust.

(Continued on page 42.)

That Little Word 'If'

By SHEIK IFTEKAR RASOOL.

THE innocent little conjunction ‹ if ', though one of the shortest words in our everyday vocabulary, is in spite of its microscopic proportions, one that we should find it hard to do without· Its use



If animals were masters...

and power are endless· By its aid the prevaricator can make people think he says 'yes' when he means 'no', and conversely, ‹ no ' when he mean ‹ yes '· In the mouth of one who understands its use, problems can be propounded which are incapable of solution, and contingencies suggested which give rise to endless speculation·

Everybody has heard of the historic ‹ if ' of the walrus and the carpenter in Alice in Wonderland·

It was to the walrus that the problem suggested itself, as he and his companion were viewing with sorrow the vast tracts of sand by the sea-shore·

" If seven maids with seven mops, swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the walrus said, ' that they could get it clear ? '

This was the problem, and there can be no doubt that it opens up an endless vista of thought· The only answer that the carpenter could give to this stupendous question was 'I doubt it'· We probably should not feel much doubt ; on the contrary, we should—most of us—feel quite sure that if a thousand maids with half a dozen mops apiece swept it for the course of their natural lives-the sea-shore would still be sandy· Unfortunately, the oysters had not appeared on the scene when this question was brought up· If we only had their opinion, it would carry great weight. Oysters, as denizens of the ocean, are certain to have been taught the proper reply· But not having it we pass on to something else·

LET us consider the suggestion : 'If we could fly " Well. in the first place, there would be a revolution in dress Open pyjamas, saries and 'dhoties', if worn at all, would have to be fastened with elastic at a rakish angle on the back of the head, to prevent every gust of wind carrying them off. Frock-coats and vests would be discarded, and walking sticks would be no longer a ne essity. A single pair of boots would last for years, and the bootblacks would have nothing to do for people would never walk in the muddy streets when they could fly above the houses. Bridges over rivers would no longer be needed, and would fall out of repair. The front doors of houses would be up among the chimney pots ; all the bus and tram companies would be wound-up, and half the railways would stop running.

City men would be seen in myriads flying into town in the morning. Only the old maids and septuagenarians

would walk, and still fewer would patronise the half-dozen or so buses that would remain in existence.

If the necessities of life were dear and the luxuries cheap. Think of a chapati at threes rupee a dozen and wedding cake at two annas each. The juvenile population would be in hospital two hundred days in the year, and such poor people as were troubled with dyspepsia would starve to death for want of plain food. No one but millionares would be able to drink beer or water—the ordinary person would have to content himself with foreign wines and French liquers.

Now let us take a couple of 'ifs' whose possibilities are not so agreeable.

If animals were masters instead of men. What a state of topsyturveydom the world would be in! Instead of rows of cabs with horses between the shafts and men on the box-seats, we should see human beings in harness with a horse holdihg the reigns, with a more opulent member of the equine community travelled inside. Horses would sit at table waited on by men, the dishes would be strange enough, most likely with hay as the piece de resistance, and such dainties as oats and carrots for side dishes. The occupant of the kennel in the yard would be a human watch-dog dignified by some such name as Towzer. His duty would be to drive off any maurauders in the shape of dogs, cats, or foxes that approached.

If there was a London fog all over India for a week on end! Can a more horrible possibility than this be conceived of? After the first two or three days all the railways would be hopelessly disorganised, and people would have to stay at home or walk. Each house would be in a state of siege, and would have to be put on siege rations, as nobody could go out to buy things because he could not find his way back home.

For though many of the 'ifs' that we have suggested have seemed very agreeable, probably every one of them would have some disadvantage lurking behind.

Nevertheless, should any of the readers of this article care to try some of the 'ifs'—to fly or attempt any other, there is no objection to their so doing. But the probability is that afterwards they will all come to the conclusion that though some things might be a little better, most things would certainly be a great deal worse if things were different.

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Words.	Meanings.
—NAR	Growl.
N—B	Point.
CHA—	Fellow.
CL— — —Y	Sticky.

Fee: As. 4 for first entry & As. 2 for each subsequent entry by M. O. Only. Single entry can be sent with 16 quarter Anna Stamps.

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Comp. Manager, THE RIDDLE SOLVER, SECUNDERABAD, (DECCAN).

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VENKAT FINDS A

By T.L.EDWIN

"HAS it ever occurred to you," said Venkat, chucking his cap on the table, "how very rotten some of our police methods are?

Knowing that it is always a wise policy to agree with Venkat, I murmured "Yes it has, old yegg. I do wish some one would write a book on the subject." "Sure, one could fill a couple of two-thousand-paged volumes on the subject," said Venkat with rising indignation. I knew immediately that Venkat as usual was in some hot water.

"Why, what's the matter. Have the police done you an injury?" I asked.

"Injury! injury be blowed! Why, I was nearly put in jail, Milad!"

"Really?" I said, getting slightly interested.

"Yes, And all because I'm as honest as they make them. And they say that 'honesty is the best policy.' Hmm. All Apple sauce and fig-skins! The bally truth is honesty never pays, milad. Why, take your case for instance ———"

I thought it was high time to interfere. 'Hey, leave me out of it," I said.

"Aw, don't get sore. But lei me tell you of my narrow escape from getting into jail.

"YESTERDAY, I was walking along Perlamet barcouring no evil thoughts and watching the shapely legs of a couple of Anglo-Indian skirts, when suddenly my eyes fell on a glistening object between the tram-lines. Imagine my surprise, when I picked up the object and found it to be a gold ring with a fairly good sized diamond set in it. I slipped it on my finger and it fitted me to a T. But as you are well aware, we Venkats are renowned for our honesty. You may perhaps remember how my grandfather, once while turning over the pages of his diary, found that he had taken me with him on a trip to Kodaikanal. He then wanted to know how old I had then been and he found out that I was then twelve years and twenty-three hours old. Suddenly my grandad went pale! He remembered that he had paid only half fare to the S. I. R. Company. Good Gracious! he had defrauded the Company! Feverishly he took up his pencil and found out that he owed 4 Rs. 2 as. 7 pies! Now it was fourteen years! So 4-2-7 at the interest of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per year worked out at 8-15-9! So he promptly paid the amount to the Railway Company, and died peacefully!

So you see, of what stock we are made. Thus when I found the ring, I decided to turn it over to the state. In other words, the Police. So I made my way to the formidable Police station and asked to be ushered into the august presence of the law! The portly Sub-Inspector asked me in a gruff voice

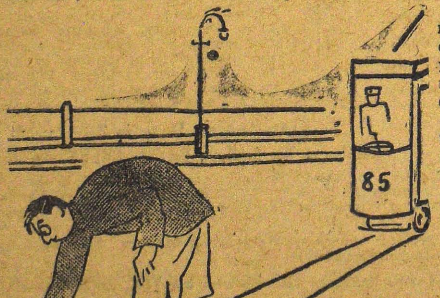
"What is it?"

I drew myself up with the air of a man who had accomplished a meritorious act and said: "I found a diamond ring at———" Without letting me finish the sentence, the inspector sprang up.

"You found a diamond ring, eh?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Let me see it" he ordered.



I handed him the ring. He looked at it carefully, "How do you know it is a diamond?" he demanded.

"Well——er,——I thought so," I stammered.

"Oh! you thought so, eh! Well where did you find it?"

"Opposite the Railway crossing, on the road"

"Well, It is very extraordinary," he said looking at me suspiciously. "The road is not the place to leave a ring,"

"It was not left, It was lost," I said drily.

The inspector became furious. "That will do," he said gruffly. "I did not ask for your suggestions I know my business. Where do you live and who are you?

I gave him my complete address.

"What are your means of living?"

"I am a clerk in the Income tax office," I said.

"When did you find the said ring?"

'Somewhere about five p.m."

"What were you doing there at that time?"

"Oh, just strolling along," I answered feeling quite uncomfortable.

"Hmm, looks suspicious," he muttered where were you coming from?"

"That's my business," I said with some heat.

"I have a right to know everything, and if you do not answer me satisfactorily I have the power to detain you," the inspector said majestically.

"Well if you must know I was coming from the house of a lady friend."

Single or married?"

"That's none of your business," I protested.

"Don't you dare talk to me like that," he bawled. Then suddenly he came closer and after scrutinising my features said.

"Well, I fancy I recollect your features now. Were you ever charge-sheeted before?"

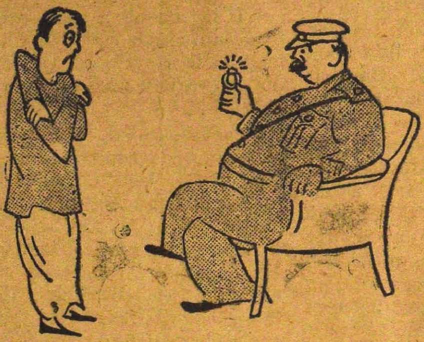
"Don't be ridiculous" I said.

"642," yelled the inspector, an anaemic looking constable came from another room.

"Have you seen this person before? he demanded.

The constable without even giving me look said that I resembled a wanted man.

"There," said the officer triumphantly. "Search the man," he ordered.



I protested vehemently. But in a second they turned me up side down and topsy turvy.

When they did not find anything interesting except a match-box and some beedies, the Sub-Inspector seemed very disappointed.

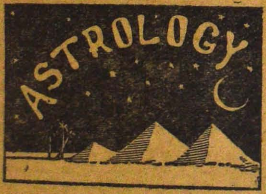
"I don't know whether you did not steal the ring!"

"Steal it!"

"Yes, steal it. And why not? I do no know who you are. You come from clandestime meetings. And you say you found a ring!"

"Why should I return it if I had stolen it?"

"Perhaps your conscience troubled you. But anyway don't you put on airs before the law, understand!" and with that I was dismissed. I came home a sadder and a wiser man. Catch me finding another ring! If I find anything hereafter I will keep it myself!



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The Avenging Hand

By G. S. Rao.

MR. Barabadass Gunichand, senior partner of the Firm of Gunichand & Sons, jewellers, put on his best smile as he prepared to entertain his new customer. At the first look at the gentleman, Mr. Barabadass had made out that he was fresh from the country and further talk elicited the fact that the customer had not much knowledge about jewels or about those who sold them. Some up country Zemindar had commissioned this raw specimen of a customer who acted as tutor to his household, to purchase for him a ring, costing about three thousand rupees. Mr. Krishna Sastry had not much knowledge of gems and jewels, but he had assured his boss, that he would try his best to get the finest ring that could be got for the price. Immediately on his arrival at Madras he had selected, what appeared to him, a decent shop and had requested the manager to show him rings costing about rupees three thousand and exhibit his best designs.

Mr. Barabadass showed him all the different designs he had in the shop and Mr. Sastry, after a great deal of indecision, chose one which seemed to him to answer his boss's requirements fairly well.

"I'll take this," said Mr. Sastry, glancing at the price ticket attached to the ring, "This is just the thing for me. It is put at three thousand five hundred, but I suppose you will give it to me for three thousand cash".

"It is too big a cut" said Mr Barabadass. "The diamonds there are all of the purest variety and very very costly".

"Never mind, you will have more business coming your way. You can give it for three thousand" said Mr. Sastry.

After some more haggling, Mr. Sastry succeeded in clinching the deal at the figure he desired. He took the ring and held up the flashing diamonds to the light. They shone and scintillated in the sun's rays as darts of living fire and attracted the gaze of the other customers, who started praising Mr. Sastry's selection.

IT was with some difficulty that, Mr. Barabadass at last got possession of the ring and started packing it. "This ring bears the stamp of our excellent craftsmanship and you will find the name of our company engraved on the inside", said Mr. Barabadass, and Mr. Sastry saw for himself, that he was correct in his remark. But what Mr. Sastry never saw or suspected was the fact that Mr. Barabadass, exchanged the ring for another, similar in design, at the last moment The trick was done in a moment since Mr Barabadass had kept the 'dud ring ready for his raw customer all along Mr Sastry, feeling supremely satisfied with his selection paid the three thousand cash and returned to his quarters in the city, carrying the 'dud' ring with him.

In the presence of a group of admiring and expectant relations, Mr. Sastry opened the jewel case he had brought with him and took out the ring. At first he could not detect any flaw in the ring he held aloft to the benefit of the admiring crowd, but on holding it up to the light, he gradually came to the consciousness, that he had been duped. For, instead of the glinting, gleaming brilliance of the ring he had selected at the jeweller's, what he now held in his hand, responded to the light only by a feeble glow. Mr. Sastry was beside himself with despair at the dastard trick played upon him.

As soon as his legs could carry him he rushed to the jewellers, with the 'dud' jewel and demanded the original one or his money back. Mr. Barabadass looked awfully taken aback at the sight of the ring

"This is not our make", said Mr, Barabadass, "This is some worthless imitation".

"But you yourself gave me this ring"? asked Mr. Sastry.

"Oh, no I never gave anything like this," said Mr. Barabadass firmly, "the ring I gave bore the seal of our company. This does'nt have any seal at all."

Mr. Sastry argued and pleaded by turns but Mr. Barabadass never yielded an inch The upshot of the matter was that Mr. Sastry returned to his rooms in a state bordering on collapse.

"Oh! What shall I do! How can I look my master in the face, after this! Is there no redress? Oh! God!" Mr. Sastry moaned amidst his relations.

"Can I not get justice, if I complain to the Police?" wept Mr. Sastry hugging that forlorn hope.

'No use doing that', replied his relations, "your word would have no chance against that of Barabadass and all the circumstantial evidence goes against you in this matter".

"Then, is there no redress for me? Oh my God!" moaned Mr. Sastry.

"There is one slender chance" comforted his friends," If the Avenging Hand comes to know of your plight, he will certainly help you. He is the only man who can give you any redress."

"But who is this 'Avenging Hand'? How can I meet him? Oh, tell me!"

"That's more than what we know. We only know that the mysterious person who is known as the 'Avenging Hand' helps people, who are in trouble: and also takes vengeance on those wrong doers, whose sins are too subtle to come under the Law".

While Mr. Sastry and his friends were discussing these things, a bearded Mohamodan had made his way into the room unknown to the inmates. The sound of a rasping voice first brought them to the consciousness of the presence of this new personage; and they turned round with a start. The bearded figure advanced to the middle of the room, with the gait of a monarch. A small revolver, which he kept levelled at the motley crowd opposite, had the effect of cowing them into complete passivity. The Mohamedan walked over to the table in the centre of the room and coolly pocketed the ring which Mr. Sastry had left on the table, leaving in its place a small and neatly printed card.

Five minutes after the departure of this mysterious person, the people in the room mustered courage enough, to leave the corner to which they had retreated, on his appearance. A distracted Mr. Sastry picked up the card on the table and almost crumpled on the floor, in the intensity of his excitement. For, the card bore the sign of the 'Avenging Hand' and also a message, which transformed the hitherto despondant Mr. Sastry to a new being "You will get the original ring to-morrow," was all the message read. But his friends assured Mr. Sastry, that it was as good as getting back the ring—for, the 'Avenging Hand' never gave promises, which he could not carry out. And Mr. Sastry waited, content.

* * *

At about midnight on that same day, Mr Barabadass was just falling into the arms of slumber, when a violent knocking at the door made him sit up. Mr Barabadass, had his residence at the backpart of his shop. He donned a dressing gown and came down to the door. "Who's there?" he asked, before attempting to undo the bolts.

"Inspector Bootham of Flower Bazaar" came the reply.

"Oh, I am sorry, Inspector, to have made you wait," said Mr. Barabadass, as he opened the door.

A young man in full Police uniform came in and made his excuses to Barabadass, for disturbing him at that hour of the night.

"I had some information that the 'Avenging Hand' is in your premises, just now, Mr. Barabadass. He is a tough guy and one I would like to rip."

Mr. Barabadass, who had some misgivings that the 'Avenging Hand' might descend upon him if he came to hear of the affair of the ring, gratefully received the Inspector's information. He conducted the young man to the different parts of his residence and shop, but there was no trace of the 'Avenging Hand.' At last, evidently disgusted with the results of the search the young man turned into the shop-room, with Mr. Barabadoss at his heels.

The young Inspector looked round the jewel rooms, with an appraising glance.

"You keep an excellent collection, I see!" murmured the man in uniform as he passed his eyes over the shelfs,

"Yes, Sir! I have got a splendid collection" answered Mr. Barabadoss, "I got them all direct from Amsterdam."

"And these rings, Mr. Barabadoss?" asked the Inspector pointing to a particular shelf.

"Are they very costly?"

"Of course, Sir! Every one of them costs over a thousand at the least. See that emerald one over there-that costs four thousand, that one set with' seven diamonds, costs three thousand' went on Mr. Barabadoss, as he pointed out ring after ring and extolled their merits.

"Plese let me have a look at them. Will you please open that shelf?" asked the Inspector eagerly.

"No—No I can't do that, 'answered the other. "I have made it a prnciple not to open these shelves after office hours."

The Inspector entreated Mr. Barabadoss to humour him, but Mr. Barabadoss did not fall in. After a minute of discussion over the matter, the Inspector put his hand inside his pocket and took out the ring with which Mr. Sastry was duped that morning.

"Do you know this ring?" asked the Inspector.

Mr. Barabadoss immedìately recognised the 'dud' ring, he had palmed off on the unfortunate. Mr. Sastry. But he more or less, felt cocksure that he could bluff matters with the police and would be in no danger from that quarter. So he affected a look of innocent surprise.

"I don't know this ring," he said that is a 'dud'

"Don't you know?" There was a curious rasp in the Inspector's voice, as he repeated the question. And Mr. Barabadoss found himself looking straight into the shining barrel of an automatic.

Mr. Barabadoss floundered.

The Inspector again repeated the question.

"Don't you know this ring,',

"No—" said Mr. Barabadoss heroically.

"All right, Mr. Barabadoss: open this shelf perhaps you will know this ring after that"

Mr. Barabadoss hesitated. The Inspector prodded his ribs with the weapon he held in his hand.

"This thing is fitted up with a silencer, Mr. Barabadoss, I can shoot you like a dog and no one will know anything about it. Will you open the shelf?

Mr. Barabadoss opened the shelf. The Inspector tossed the 'dud' ring into it and picked up another costing about three thousand rupees. Then he turned to the trembling Barabadoss and asked him to lock it again

"Now get me that three thousand rupees, you got this morning, from that unfortunate man, to whom you gave this ring"

Mr. Barabadoss protested and raved that he had not got the money with him; but the Inspector succeeded in persuading him of the contrary and made him shell out the amount. The Inspector coolly pocketed the ring and the money. "You can report to Inspector Bootham of the Flower Bazaar Police station to-morrow and tell him that the 'Avenging Hand' has once again played him a trick. "That's all "l and the pseudo Inspector made for the door.

He stood for an instance on the thresh old and turned to Mr. Barabedoss, who was as pale as any ghost. "I might as well tell you. Mr. Barabadoss that you can't get any aid through the telephone, since I have already taken precaution to have the wires cut: and I would strongly advise you not to come out into the

((Continued on page 40)

Logan Scores

Miss Sagunabai Daniel.

'UNLESS you get Rs. 500 before Tuesday next, I'll leave this house with Sarala. My parents will simply welcome us' threatened Padmasani.

'What for' asked lawyer Loganath mildly.

'Ah, you have the impudence to ask that eh?' thundered Padmasani heatedly. 'When Janaki's daughter Komala has that diamond-set belt, will I sit mum looking at the empty waist of my child Sarala?-the Grand daughter of Rao Saheb Gangaram! Didn't you see the vermin Komala parading on the street for all the world to see her diamond-set gold belt? Just think of her Father,—a riff-raff ne'er-do-well clerk with a pay of Rs. 60 per mensem!' and poor Padmasani wiped her eyes with her sari end to stop the floodgates.

Then began a proces of nose-blowing that could be compared with the blow of great guns,—so noisy it was, what with whiffings, wheezings, and coughings done extra with force and energy.

'Is that all dear?' laughed Loganath distractedly. 'I thought you wanted to celebrate Sarala's wedding itself before Tuesday. Very well, where am I to go for the said amount? Do you happen to know any money lender?'

'Shiva, Shiva!' wailed Padmasani afresh. 'You, a lawyer a, M. A. B. L. owning a car and all that, who stand for numerous elections and what not, how dare you ask that? When my father chose you, he thought you would be a credit to the profession like himself. He gets 1000 Rs for one case alone. Wouldn't he be ashamed of you? Take our neighbour Ramdoss, the pigwidgeon,-He won't be even 5 feet, but look at his wife and daughters! They've cart-loads of jewels. Then there is old Kuppu Iyer whose wife's diamond necklace alone costs Rs. 10,000. Then Krishnasawmy Iyer, who is as thin as thread paper......... When these tag-rags and bob tails manage their womenfolks so beautifully, you........'

'ANY more exaggerations, suggestions, provocations or commendations?' asked the lawyer calmly but Padmasani, with a withering look swept out of the room If burning looks had the power to kill, the glance of almost fiend-like malignity which she threw upon her husband would have stretched him upon the floor.

Loganath felt ashamed of himself. True, he didn't even earn enough money to pay his chauffeur and other servants, Then won't the wife feel ashamed of him? Wouldn't she hate to worry her father to send money for every little thing?

For the next two days, Padmasani didn't speak a word to him. Loganath fidgeted about, yawned terribly loud, counted the number of silver fish on the shelf, looked at the spider on the ceiling so hard and long that an onlooker might have thought that he was going to deliver a lecture on it. For sometime, he banged the doors and windows and broke some of the photos with his golf ball. Still the inexorable wife never opened her mouth.

The third day opened with a volley of cutting words from Padmasani. She abused him like a fish-wife cursing with broom, book, bell and calendar. The force of cupid's darts was nothing compared with Padmasani's billingsgate language. Loganath, though bewildered at his wife's strange conduct forgave her heartily, as he knew full well that his dear wife was possessed of a great devil 'jealousy',—Yes jealous at Komala's diamond—set belt and he also knew that she would raise the devil and never rest till she got what she wanted.

Once in the night he thought of drowning himself in the big tank nearby. But the accursed water was cold and the terrible cold wind nearly clotted his blood. Suddenly realising the value of his dear life and the sweetness of home sweet home (the bitterness gone for the moment) he hurried home dishevelled. His wife who had unfortunately seen him laughed scathingly and remarked that he could earn money by his tragicomic acts like the whimsical dancing bear in the streets.

'Somehow or other I must get the money. I can't stand her bickering' thought Loganath hopelessly and

determined then and there to make a desperate plunge. 'In the romantic theatre of Don Quixote's mind, perils rose like giants on every horizon, but there was always Sancho Panza on his donkey to help him ' he had read in a book the other day. But poor man, he had no such trustworthy friends on donkey, monkey or pony to help him in his great distress. He couldn't but feel jealous of the late Don Quixote for the time being.

Nothing turned out in his way till Saturday and he thought of a deliberate thing. As usual, on Sunday he went to the local club to have a chat with his friends, who were mostly government officials. He chatted amicably with his friends until the line of cars and carriages parked before the club numbered only four. One by one, nearly all left the club. Loganath waited tensely. For the past two days, he had been studying something pretty keenly in the Secretary's private office room.

He was a respectable lawyer and was so well established at the club that he knew he was proof against capture so long as he could pull his job neatly, without being actually observed.

Now he was waiting anxiously for the time when the Secretary, a Christian, would go his rounds leaving his office without guard, especially on Sundays for ten minutes though everything under lock and key.

Then he rose. 'Going lawyer ? so early ?' asked Dr. Krishna.

'I think so doc : I can't bear to hear this drawling music any longer These radios are getting dull ' he replied in irritation.

'Ha, ha, ha ' laughed Dr Krishna. 'Everyone will feel so after some use lawyer. But we forget what a lot of surprise we had on the first occasion ' he laughed again.

'I think I'm not feeling well, for my head aches so. I'll go home directly and lie down' Loganath replied and passed into the hall. It was empty. He could hear voices in the smoking room, otherwise there wasn't a single soul anywhere else. At the private room of the Secretary, he paused seeming to adjust his shoe lace, but a stealthy glance showed him that the coast was clear. Without further hesitation he got to work.

He bodly strode into the open room that was the Secretary's office and up to the safe at the further end. After two minutes of strenuous exercise, the safe door opened with something like a groan. The clever lawyer, who was anyway clever on lock-breaking and safe opening slipped into his pocket a bundle of crisp notes and a tiny instrument. Then he closed the safe and turned.

Again the hall and verandah were empty. He slowly walked out of the club into the road. Then he saw the Secretary returning from his rounds. There were two more cars of the same model standing on the road. Loganath whistling softly turned on the switch and pressed the starter. 'Thank God, I'm absolutely safe ' he murmured in relief. To assure himself of his safety, once again he looked back. Then the doors of the club opened.

He beheld glaring through the door Mr. Shankar in full length, Mr. Ranganath's bust, the forehead and ears of Mr. Biswas, a fractional part of Narain's face under the latter's arm and arc and segment shaped parts of few others he knew. Dr. Krishna shouted and Loganath's hair stood on end. He let in the clutch of the car and it shot forward like an arrow. He frantically pressed the accelerator down as far as it would go hearing a car start behind him.

'I m done up. They are after me ' he gasped and drove madly on. The shouting increased and he shook all over. He swung to a bylane and still the car followed. Passersby stood and stared open—mouthed at the race of cars.

'Got your number, impudent ass ' barked a policeman when he swung desperately to a narrow street. Loganath didn't heed his words but mechanically drove on.

A cold shiver ran down his spine when he heard grinding of wheels and the noise of starting. He knew by the sound of the horns that two cars were following him in full speed.

'They are gaining on me. Oh, God, I'll do anything if only...' he prayed and swung suddenly to the main road. Luckily for him, six cars were parked in a line in front of the Europern club. The drivers, abandoning their cars were watching some fun in the club. Turning out the switch, he parked his car behind the last, walked slowly to another car and ducked under the seat At last he was safe,—yes safe from the hunting hounds.

After a minute, he heard the roar of the two cars racing on the road and he risked a peep.

'I ve escaped ' he murmured softly and stood up. Now he saw only the tail light of the second car turning to a side street. Then he got into his car again and started it To his horror, he saw the head-lights of a car coming straight towards him andno ther went straight up to the road 'Mightbe seeing no car ahead, they grew suspicious and turned back, he thought shivering again.

Now he had no time to escape and the enemy car stopped before him. A policeman got down and went up to Loganath with a sneer.

'You sneaking thief, will you come to the head-quarters at once for stealing another gent's car ? You see, the owner Dr. Krishna rode just now by the Victoria lane in pursuit of you,—the thief ' said the policeman, the same man who barked on the road.

Loganath saw his position just now. An unconscious smile wreathed the corners of his mouth and he softly tucked his pocket puffed with notes. Affecting surprise he said 'Oh, but I parked my car there too. Let Dr, Krishna come and we can settle the matter ?

'what's your car's number ? demanded the policeman who didn't believe Loganath so easily.

'M 24278 Anyway the horn, make and everything resembles this car ' he replied carelessly.

'Now look at this number. C 52078.'

'Ah, I see my mistake now. If you want to clear this matter, better come straight to the club ' Loganath suggested cheerfully.

'That's better. Get into the car and go ahead ' ordered the policeman and they drove back to the club.

There was Loganath's car and all laughed at the mistake while Dr. Krishna himself came a little later to join in the laughter.

'Really lawyer, I didn't know it was you. Much ado about nothing. Weren't you scared to death ?'

'Oh yes ' Loganath assented,

'Sir, you have to give a fine for rash driving and then...er my car fare' interposed the policeman with a vague hint of tips.

'Oh, by all means.' And there it ended. The poor Secretary found out the robbery only some days later and of course, Loganath had nothing to do with it then. Does he ?

That was how lawyer Loganath, the respectable son-in-law of a Rao Sahib became one of the swell mob, otherwise known as crackemen or the spoilt chi dren of fortune.

(Continued from page 37)

streets just now, since the 'Avenging Hand' does'nt have any great scruples to shoot black-guards like you at sight."

That was the last that Mr. Barabadoss saw of the 'Avenging Hand' and he never again exposed himself to the risk of it, by repeating his dastard trick of the morning.

* *

Next day, early in the morning, Inspector Bootham of the Flower Bazaar Police Station, heard the story of the previous night, from Mr. Barabadoss, who altered the facts to suit his own purposes. Inspector Bootham did not give much hope to the complaint, but, he earnestly prayed, for the day, when he could put this troublesome person of the 'Avenging Hand' behind the prison bars. Even of that the Inspector had not much hope.

A devoutly grateful Mr. Sastry blessed the name of the 'Avenging Hand' as he saw on his table the very ring he had selected from the jeweller's and a message which read 'Enjoy my friend ; the 'Avenging Hand' lives to help fellows like you. But be more wary in the future."

"God bless the 'Avenging Hand' murmured Mr. Sastry, as he caught the first train from Madras to his native place.

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CATERING A SPECIALITY.

Three-year-old boy lives on bananas.

Doctors are taking special interest in a case reported from New Jersey, U.S.A., of Richard Zeleny, a three-year-old boy who eats nothing but bananas.

This strange diet has been necessary because he has an abdominal inflammation which makes it impossible for him to take ordinary food.

If it weren't for bananas the boy would not be alive to-day. Doctors made a desperate battle to save his life. Milk made him ill. So did other baby foods. Finally one doctor suggested he should try bananas. Richard ate six in a few hours. Since then bananas and water have been his only food. He has eaten 14,140 in the last two years.

* * *

Silk stockings made of tin.

How many modern women realise how much they depend on the mineral kingdom for their beauty aids?

The base of face powder is talc, a soft, pearly mineral, and another powder, titanium oxide, which makes the talc stick, is likewise a mineral product. Rouge is made from hematite, a very pure iron ore, and even the mud pack of the beauty parlour is made up of a volcanic ash.

The face powder may be perfumed by a synthetic scent from coal-tar products, and the dyes of her garments have the same origin, while aluminium is used to set the dye.

Silk stockings may contain as much as sixty per cent. of tin to give them weight, and chromium is used to tan the leather for her shoes, and sulphur in making the rubber heels.

* * *

Search for deposed king's hidden treasure cave.

Armed with a new type of gold-divining device of his own invention, John McCay Roberts, an American who has been living in London for some time, is on his way to Kabul on a romantic search for buried treasure.

Up in the mountain fastnesses behind the Afghan capital is the secret hiding-place where Bacha Sachao, the ex-water carrier who overthrew Amanullah and reigned for a brief while, stored the Afghan gold and other loot he managed to acquire.

The treasury of Afghanistan was Bacha's for the taking—and he was not slow to help himself, as his successor soon discovered. Quite apart from gold, there were ancient State jewels, stores of lap is lazuli and other precious things. With these went the bags of gold which came to the ex-water carrier as bribes, and money and jewels he was able to extract from the wealthy tribesmen by torture.

As the months went by, Bacha was able to add still further to his treasure store with rich loot secured after sacking such places as Kandahar and Herat, so that the cave became an Arabian dream come true.

Many attempts have been made to recover the treasure since Sachao's death three years ago. It would help to restore the country to prosperity. But none has been found.

Roberts is hopeful that with the aid of his secret device, which he has spent some years in perfecting, he will be able to succeed where others have failed—with a substantial percentage of the recovered treasure as a reward.

* * *

Perfume kills germs.

Men often sneer at the feminine habit of using perfume. But woman, as usual, is right. Science has proved that perfume is not merely a toilet luxury. It is a strong antiseptic, more powerful in some cases than carbolic acid, and certainly far more pleasant to the sensitive nose.

The substances from which the odours of flowers are obtained are the liquids known as "essential oils." Scientific research has shown that these oils—oil of roses, oil of thyme, oil of rose-geranium, oil of rosemary, oil of lavender, oil of bitter almonds, oil of cassia and the like are superior to carbolic as antiseptics.

There cannot, therefore, be any doubt at all that to live among the scent of flowers, or to use perfumes made from them, is not only very pleasing but decidedly healthy.

* * *

Baby born with 50 broken bones.

A month-old baby, born with more than fifty fractured bones but still living and cooing happily, baffled medical science at Indianapolis recently.

Three days after her birth, X-rays showed there were between fifty and sixty fractures in the bones of her body. All but two of the breaks occurred before birth.

A doctor broke one of the baby's thighs when he gently lifted her feet after birth. A hospital nurse broke the other thigh while giving her an oil bath.

The leg breaks were set with adhesive tape, but the other fractures have been left untouched, doctors believing they will heal better if left alone.

The doctor attending her attributed the fractures to improper bone formation before birth, known in medical terms as "osteogenesis imperfecta." Ordinarily, it is caused from lack of calcium either in the mother or child.

THE THIEF

BY
N. RAJAGOPAL.
(M. No, 59.)

Once on a time, the queen of Brahmadatta was bathing in a tank in the Royal gardens. Now as the Queen was taking off her jewels she was watched by a monkey. As soon as the Queen stepped into the water, it came down from the tree and made away with a diamond necklace. When the queen finished her bath she saw the necklace missing and she raised an alarm.

Up ran the guards from every side searching high and low for the thief. Hearing this din a poor rustic took to his heels. "There he goes" cried the guards, catching sight of the runaway; and soon they caught him and with blows demanded the necklace.

The rustic knew that he would be punished even if he denied the charge so he hit upon a plan. He confessed to the king that he had given it to the Royal Treasurer. The Royal Treasurer when called upon to produce the necklace put the blame upon the vizier, who in turn said that he had given it to the Court Dancing girl. But when the Dancing girl was questioned she hotly denied all knowledge of the necklace,

The king in his anger ordered all of them to be put under arrest.

Now there was in the palace a serving boy wise beyond his years. He was convinced that the testimony of all the accused were false, for he knew the rustic to be a just man. He also knew that there were plenty of monkeys near the tank. So putting two and two together he came to the conclusion that a monkey was responsible.

But how was he to find out which monkey was the culprit? So he hit upon a plan. He bought a few cheap trinkets and adorned some of the monkeys, and let them free. These monkeys paraded before the rest and the culprit not to be out done brought out the stolen necklace from out of the hole where it had hidden it had and doarned itself. The lad saw it and made it drop the necklace and took it to the king. The king and the accused were very pleased and amply rewarded the lad.

Result of Children's Competition No. 11.

The Correct List.

1 Ring
2 Bank
3 Field
4 Cottage
5 Ford
6 Stack
7 Write
8 Hooked

The First Prize of 15 Rs. goes to
R, Swamidoss
Yehamur
P. O. N. A.
who has submitted an all-correct entry and the Second Prize goes to
S. Rangan
Kutty Chetty Street
Puraswalkum
who has submitted two entries with one error.

(Continued from page 31)

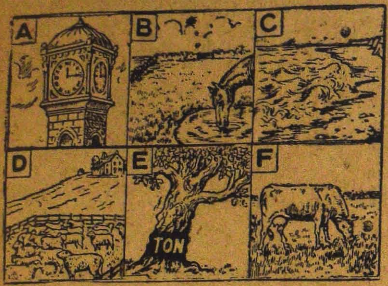
Rangan watched them for a few minutes and returned after half an hour to his home, thinking in the meantime the ways and means of disposing off the animal; since it was unruly.

To his surprise he saw a man standing at the entrance with an expectant look with a note in his hand. My friend enquiring him, received the letter and it ran as follows :

Sir,

'Please call at my office at your earliest convenience, to receive the cheque of Rs. 500/- being the cost of your 'Wonder Horse' without grumble. Your horse behaves better to me.

COMPETITION NO. 12



Closing Date 12—7—35

1st Prize Rs. 15 *Only (for Children below 18 years)*

2nd Prize Rs. 10.

Here you see six pictures. There is also a list of clues given. Out of these find the correct clues to the pictures.

For example A is CLOCK FACE. Now proceed with the other five.

Children's Puzzle No. 12 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 12TH JULY 1935

A. CLOCK FACE. *Age*............

B. ....

C. .... *Address*..............................

D. ....

E. ....

F. ....

....

COMPLETE LIST OF CLUES.

1. Clock Face	11. Singleton
2. Stock house	12. Stock hill
3. Treeton	13. Sea-shore
4. Waterside	14. Hill-house
5. Pen	15. Tower clock
6. Oakton	16. Horsepool
7. Waterfield	17. Heavy tree
8. Cowfield	18. Beach
9. Seaview	19. Grassland
10. Drinkfield	20. Sheep hill

Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of Funzin's 'Youth League'.

Dear Cousin Eddie,

I wish to be a member of the Youth League. I enclose 4 as. in stamps.

Name...*Date of Birth*...

Father's or Guardian's Name..

His Occupation..

Sex..

Address..

Date..193 . *Signature*...

FREE! **No Entrance Fee.** **FREE!!**

Funny Magzin July Competition

Rs. 500 Cash Prizes

1st Prize Rs. 300
2nd Prize ,, 200

No Entrance Fee.

Closing Date 25-7-35. Results on 5-8-35.

No.	Words.	No	Clues.
1.	— A Y	1.	TO UTTER.
2.	— A P	2.	This is worn.
3.	D E — I —	3.	Determine.
4.	S I — — L Y	4.	ALONE.
5.	C — A S H	5.	LOUD NOISE.
6.	S O — T	6.	Kind.
7.	— E — O N	7.	Fruit.
8.	P — G	8.	An animal.
9.	R — S E	9.	A plant.

HOW TO WIN.

You will find 9 words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. At the side clues are given to complete the words and with the help of those you have to find out the correct words by substituting one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. There is *no entrance fee* for this competition. Entries must be in the special Funny Magzin coupons printed in this issue. Plain paper entries will not be accepted.

2. The First Prize of Rs. 300 will be awarded to the correct solution that is one which exactly tallies with the sealed Key solution and the second prize of Rs. 200 to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be divided.

3. The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that are lost, mislaid or delayed and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. Entries received after the closing date 27-5-35 will not be considered.

5. All entries must be addressed to the competition Editor, July Competition, Funny Magzin office, Sowcarpet, Madras.

FUNNY MAGZIN JULY COMPETITION ENTRY COUPON

CLOSING DATE 25-7-35.

1. 4. 7.
2. 5. 8.
3. 6. 9.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor and enter this competition.

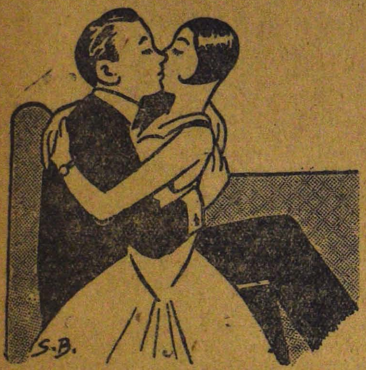
Signature..

Name *Mr.* / *Miss or Mrs.* ....

Address..

From My Very Heart

By C. W. F. PRENTICE.



My love for you will never die,
And your kiss'es I always want,
When you're mine I'll never sigh.
Because you are my only want.

Our love is for each other,
So please let me tell you now,
You're the one I always did adore,
There's nothing I could wish for more.

Will you love me for always dear,
The same as I always love you,
Or is it just because I am near,
That your love for me is true.

Do you love me as from the start,
When you said you'll love me ever more,
My love for you comes from my heart,
And in my heart you'll be for ever.

THESE DAYS ARE PASSED

By C. W. F. PRENTICE.

When I think of the days gone bye.
When I used to drink and gamble,
To think of it now, I nearly die,
It's like being caught in a bramble,

Now I never drink or gamble,
Because I signed that little plea,
I have something bettēr than beer,
Now I'm full of happy glee.

That something is a little dear,
She is so kind to me,
Yes I'm happy when she's here,
All alone with me too see.

My love for her is sincere,
I killed myself, yes nearly,
It was for my little Dear,
T'was because I loved her dearly.

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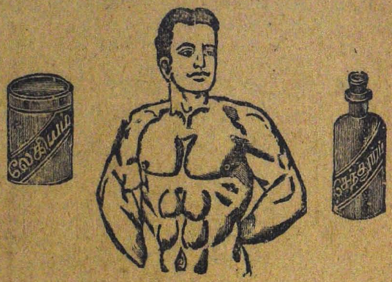

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VOL. II. NO. 23.

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